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ONE PENNY.

THE NAPOLEON FETES AT PARIS.

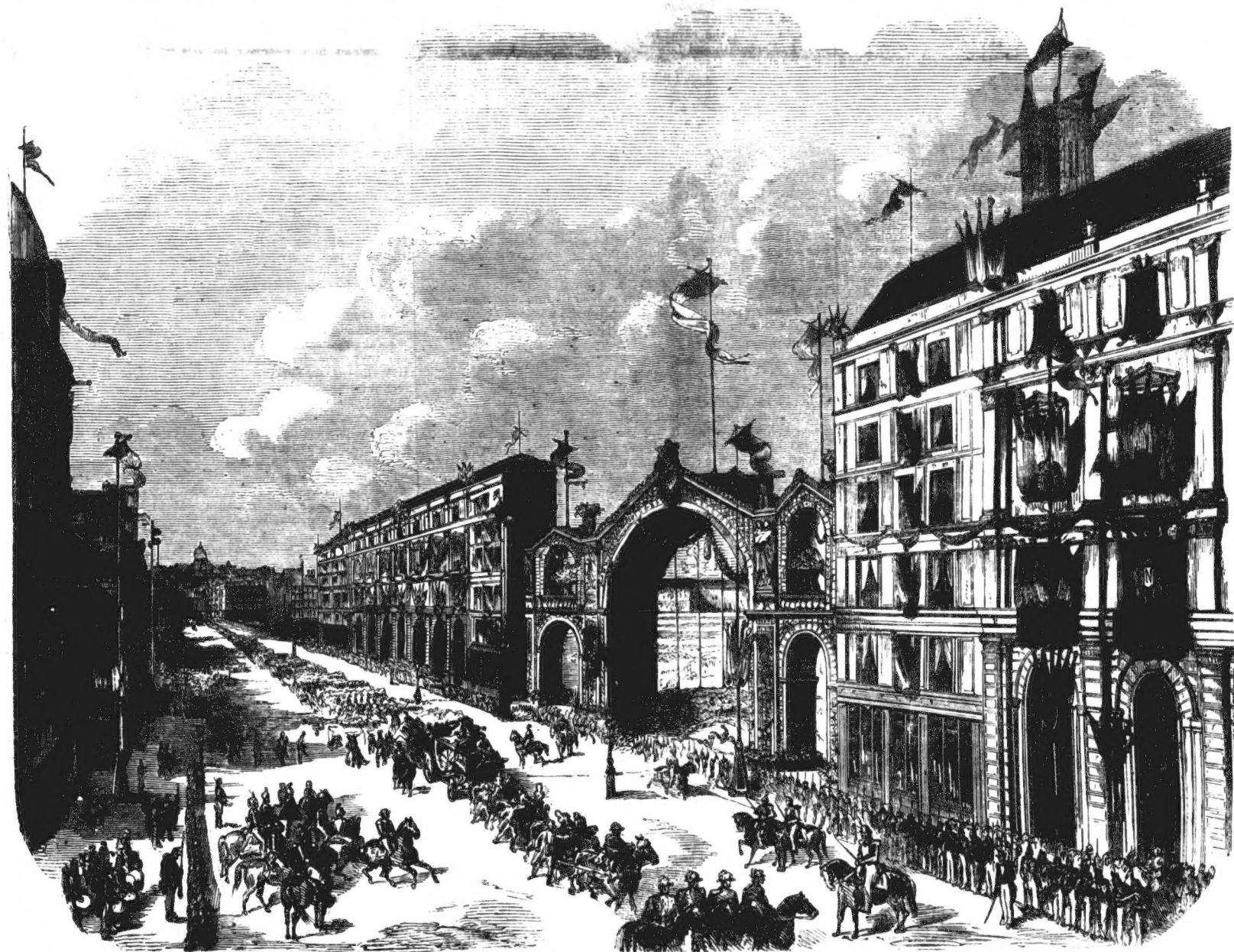
We this week give two more illustrations in connection with the Napoleon fetes at Paris, some particulars of which appeared in our last. On our first page is a view representing the grand procession passing the Hotel de Ville; and on page 185 is a splendid engraving of the terrace in the gardens of the Palace of St. Cloud, where, it will be remembered, the Emperor of the French was staying during the fete.

GRAND FETES IN BOULOGNE.

A BOULOGNE letter of Sunday contains the following:—"Boulogne has many attractions which induce both French and English to flock to it in the season; and, consequently, it has often been full. Now, however, it is overflowing. Religious pilgrimages have been an institution here since the days of Philip le Bel; but for every pilgrim who ever was here at any former time, there are a hundred now. You may walk through half-a-dozen streets without being able to find a bed unoccupied, and the orthodox and heterodox are ascending from the Basse Ville to the Haute Ville in friendly rivalry from morning till night, all striving to obtain

admission to the Cathedral, where bishops, priests, and monks and nuns are reproducing scenes of the middle ages, and where Father Felix, the Jesuit preacher, is rivalling the pulpit oratory of the renowned Masillon. And what is the occasion of all this crowding and crushing, and religious function just now? The consecration of the church of *Notre Dame de Boulogne*, which approaches its completion after nearly forty years. The history of this edifice is curious, and I must go back days long past to enable the reader to understand the reason of the sanctity with which, in the Catholic mind, it and its site have long been invested. The Abbe Antoine Le Roy, canon archdeacon, and official of Boulogne, relates in a work of his a tradition, of which the following are the main incidents:—In 633 or 636, when Dagobert I. reigned, a boat without pilot or sailors was seen to enter Boulogne, which little bark the sea by its placid calmness appeared to respect. A brilliant light shed its rays over the boat, and caused numerous persons to run to the shore to see what it contained. They found on board an image of the Blessed Virgin, about three feet six inches high, beautifully carved in wood, and carrying the infant Jesus on her left arm. The people who had been attracted to the beach were charmed with the spectacle, and such of the inhabitants as were

assembled in the chapel in the Haute Ville, offering up their accustomed prayers, were not less delighted, for the Holy Virgin appeared to them in great brilliancy, and informed them that the angels, by command of the Most High, had conducted her image to their shore, where they would find it. She ordered them to bring it thence and immediately to place it in the chapel which she had selected as the place where she would for ever receive their devout prayers and offerings. The news of this apparition immediately spread over the city, and, without loss of time, the people descended in crowds to the seaside to receive the sacred charge. The image was carried with much solemnity to the chapel, and a church was subsequently built to enclose it, where the present cathedral stands. In 1104 Ida, Countess of Boulogne, rebuilt the church in the form of a cathedral. During the war in the time of Henry VIII the cathedral was laid in ruins, but it was rebuilt in the Gothic style about the year 1624, and remained until 1798, after the great revolution, when it was sold as national property. In 1820, however, a judgment of the National Tribunal brought the site into the market, and the Abbe Haffreingue purchased it. In 1827 he determined to rebuild the cathedral in the Roman style of architecture, and from that day to the present he has been labouring to bring it to



THE NAPOLEON FETES IN PARIS.—THE GRAND PROCESSION PASSING THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

completion. The image had been destroyed in sacrilegious times; but in 1810 M. Gros d'Houlouvre presented to the abbe a hand which is supposed to have belonged to it, and this relic, enclosed in a silver heart, is now suspended on a new statue of Notre Dame. Probably not less than 1,000 persons, men and women, sat upon those small rush chairs which are found in all Continental churches, while perhaps twice that number stood in masses round the more fortunate possessors of seats. The congregation was composed of the rich and the poor, the well dressed and the meanly clad, the believer and the heretic, the saint and the sinner. Hundreds of English people were there. I observed more than one clergyman of the Church of England among the number. Father Felix speaks with considerable energy, and gesticulates with an appropriateness and grace which add much to the charms of his eloquence. His voice is loud, but melodious and singularly flexible. Every word he utters is distinct to all hearers within a reasonable distance; but as it would be impossible for him to make himself audible all over such a large building as the cathedral, and as many were forced to put up with a position in the far distant aisles or at the end of the nave, the mere echo of his voice was all that some of them could hear. Last night on the mystery of the incarnation he was really eloquent, and such was the effect of his oratory on the vast congregation that not a sound was heard but the preacher's voice. In language and in tones admirably suited to his theme and the views he wished to put forward, he described heaven, hell, and earth, and the incarnation of the Son of God, and then with marvellous felicity of expression pictured the dignity and humility of the Virgin who had been chosen by the Divinity as an instrument in the consummation of the mystery. When Father Felix comes to speak of the delinquencies of men, his style is that of Massillon rather than of Bossuet. Both these great preachers denounced the vices of the world in their days; but Bossuet did so in courtier-like language, while Massillon's truths were told with a force and directness which caused Louis XVI to remark that he never could listen to one of his sermons without coming away with a very much worse opinion of himself. It is in this manner Father Felix assails immorality; but begin to listen to him, and you must hear him out. He keeps you hanging upon his words from the text to the peroration, and however you may dislike his denunciation, you perceive how it was that last Lent he daily filled Notre Dame at Paris with a company such as rarely to be found in any French place of worship.

The grand procession is thus described in a Monday's letter:—"It is not often that any public procession fulfils its programme. That, at least, is our experience in England, but I don't think any English visitor to Boulogne could have anticipated that the procession *generale* of yesterday would have been so splendid and imposing an affair as it proved to be. With a large number of separate bodies coming from parishes, some of which are at a great distance from each other, and bearing in mind that at least the half of the processionists were youths, young girls, and children, it might naturally have been supposed that there would have been some evidence of a want of uniformity in giving effect to a ceremony which was to be gone through by many hundreds of the laity as well as a numerous body of ecclesiastics, to be performed over at least three miles of ground, and which occupied nearly three hours from the time it commenced till it was brought to a close; but, although there was an entire absence of obtrusive marshalling, not the slightest hitch occurred anywhere. Every guild or association was in its appointed place, each was more than as good as its word, and not a movement seemed to have been forgotten by those who took part in the proceedings. The offices of the day commenced with a grand pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at which the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton was celebrant. The vast building was densely crowded in every part; even the galleries which surrounded the interior immediately under the ceiling and the dome, though not intended for any portion of the congregation on ordinary occasions, had many occupants, and as the great bell announced that the mass was about to begin, as the organ pealed forth in swelling tones of deep music, and the monsignors and bishops, in all the blaze of purple, violet, scarlet, and cloth of gold, issued forth from the sacristy, the scene was one such as could have been witnessed in none other than a Roman Catholic church. Besides the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton, five bishops, and as many canons, and other dignitaries took part in the functions, or were within the choir while the mass was being celebrated. The procession then took place. Two-and-two came the clergy of the diocese in black cassock, surplice, and biretta, all carrying prayer-books and chanting the hymns of Notre Dame de Boulogne; next, in the same order, the canons, looking every inch churchmen, as they passed in their purple cassocks, white fur hoods, and birettas distinguished by a red tassel; after them four Roman prelates—Monsignor Scott, Monsignor Boudouin, Monsignor Le Roy, and Monsignor Cataldi—in cassocks of violet satin and black biretta, but without surplices. Abbe Haffreingue and Father Felix followed, and then appeared the bishops in single file, the first of them being the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, of Clifton; the second, the Right Rev. Dr. Amherst, of Northampton; the third, Monsignor Boudinet, Bishop of Amiens; the fourth, the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Kerry; the fifth, Monsignor Gignoult, Bishop of Beauvais; and the sixth and last, Monsignor Lequette, Bishop of Arras. All the bishops wore mitres and magnificent copes, and each carried his crozier or shepherd's staff. As they walked along the people everywhere on the route rushed forward, and on bended knee prayed their benediction. Even the little children did this, and mothers held out their babies that they might receive the episcopal blessing. As Dr. Clifford was the first of the bishops he had to go through much more than his share of the labour of bestowing benedictions, and to the bishop of the diocese the labour must have been extremely severe, for he was giving individual blessings unceasingly during his whole progress. Though the marching was not once interrupted, the procession occupied an hour in passing any one point. All along its course every foot of standing room from which a sight of it could be obtained, except that reserved for the processionists, was covered, ladies sat upon every balcony, and the windows of all the houses were filled to the highest story. Father Felix preached in the evening to a very crowded congregation."

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CRAVEN.—We regret to record the decease of the Right Hon. the Earl of Craven, which took place at Scarborough on Saturday morning, the 25th inst.

THE PURSUIT OF A GOOD HAT.—A hat is the index to the character and condition of the wearer—a proof of taste and sense, in fact. A good hat shows that a man has a proper respect for the prevailing fashion of progress in the customs of civilised society. Walker's Half Guinea Hats are unequalled in quality and style; the shapes being in every variety, are suitable to all climates. To improve the memory, it would be well to report frequently that WALKER'S HAT MANUFACTORY is at No. 49, Crawford-street, corner of Seymour-place, Marylebone. [Advertisement.]

Notes of the Week.

BETWEEN twelve and one o'clock on Sunday morning a fire was discovered to be raging on the premises of Messrs. Holland and Haanen, builders, Duke-street, New Oxford-street. The fire brigade assembled in full force, and directed their efforts to checking the advance of the flames. In this, after several hours' arduous and unceasing labour, they eventually succeeded, but the premises of Messrs. Holland, with their extensive workshops and large stock of timber, were either consumed or so much injured by fire and water as to be rendered useless. The loss of property is very large.

An inquest was held on Saturday evening, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on the body of a child named Benjamin Reilly. His mother, residing in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, said that she went to bed with her children the previous Thursday night, and left the candle burning for her husband, who was working late. She was awake in a while by feeling her fingers burned, and found that the candle had set fire to the bed. The flames had reached the child, and he was so injured that death ensued in a few hours. A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned.

On Saturday evening an inquest was held at the Town Hall, Gravesend, before Mr. Hilder, the borough coroner, relative to the death of Andreas Ellesen, mate of the Norwegian bark *Regatta*, who was killed by lightning at sea during a storm on the 17th inst. The vessel was from Memel, and the deceased was on deck when the fatal occurrence took place. The ship was not injured. On the vessel arriving off Gravesend the body was landed. Captain Anderson, the master of the *Regatta*, said he did not bury the body at sea in consequence of there being a custom amongst Norwegians not to so dispose of the dead when the vessel was within eight days' sail from land, but to bring it to shore for interment. The coroner said the captain would have to pay the costs of the inquiry and the burial of the body. The jury found that the deceased was killed by lightning.

On Sunday last fifty-four convicts at Portland received confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Salisbury. His lordship arrived in the morning with his chaplain, about half-past ten, and conducted the communion service himself. Altogether in the chapel there were about 1,200 convicts, including William Roupell, who, although looking careworn, evidently took much interest in the proceedings. The Fenian prisoners, twenty-three in number, were, of course, absent, but were receiving the ministrations of a Roman Catholic gentleman in another part of the building jointly with others of the same creed, altogether about sixty. His lordship also preached to the convicts in the morning, and during the afternoon service, in the course of which the confirmation took place, addressed himself especially to the catechumens. He hoped they would consider the final account they would have to give, and well weigh the solemn promises made in their baptism and that day renewed. He implored those present who had not received the sacred rite neither by word nor deed in any wise to retard by sneer or contempt the good work that day begun. The singing of the *Te Deum* by 1,200 convicts in unison was particularly striking.

On Saturday afternoon a fatal accident occurred on the Great Eastern line of railway, about a mile and a half from Ely. The train to which the casualty happened was a weekly excursion train to Yarmouth and Lowestoft, from Peterborough and intermediate stations, leaving the latter place at 2.30 p.m. It was not a large one, but was well filled with passengers. It proceeded in safety until near the junction, a little distance from Ely, where, from a cause at present a mystery, the engine suddenly, in rounding a curve, left the rails, and after tearing up the permanent way for some yards, fell over on its side in a place where gravel had been excavated for the formation of the line. Just as it quitted the rails the fireman jumped off, and was but slightly injured by the leap but the driver, William Brown, remained on his engine up to the moment when it was overturned and was instantly crushed to death. The carriages were thrown over each other in a way which caused infinite alarm to the passengers, only two of whom were severely injured; all were more or less shaken. The guard, whose van was a complete wreck, except the flooring, was very much shaken and bruised, and was brought home to Peterborough, where he was conveyed to the infirmary. The other two persons to whom we have alluded were moved to the nearest inn, where they received every attention. The driver, Brown, was greatly respected, and was one of the company's oldest and most trustworthy servants.

BURNS'S COTTAGE.—It was stated in the *Times* that the cottage in which Burns was born at Alloway, near Ayr, is about to be sold. In mentioning this fact the *London Courier* says:—"The cottage—literally a clay-built, thatched hut—remains in much the same condition in which it was left by the poet's father, built with his own hands in December, 1757, thirteen months before the birth of his illustrious son; but since that time two rooms and a large hall have been added, communicating with the cottage. The elder Burns had seven acres of land adjoining the house, as he intended carrying on business as a nurseryman; but after nine years' occupation he sold the property for £120. The land connected with the cottage is now certified to five acres, and a sum of £3,000 is asked for the whole. The rent is nominally £70 a year, but the last two tenants were, we believe, both bankrupt. One tenant went deranged, and another shot himself! For about sixty years the cottage has been kept as an alehouse. Curran, the Irish orator, visited it in 1810. 'We found,' he says, 'the keeper of it tipsy. He pointed to the corner on one side of the fire, and, with a most *mal-a-propos* laugh, observed, 'There is the very spot where Robert Burns was born.' The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he foundered, I could not stand it, but burst into tears.' We should be glad to see this classic little property fall into the hands of some respectable person, instead of being continued as a low tippling house, the disgust of the neighbourhood and of all strangers visiting a spot hallowed by so many interesting and affecting associations. Some persons, we hear, are willing to give about £2,000 for the house and land, in order that they may be kept in a creditable manner, and that the cottage of the pious father of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' may be saved from further degradation. England has lately secured for the present age and for posterity the birthplace of Shakspeare; could not Scotland do the same for Burns? The banks of the Ayr are not holier ground than the banks of the Ayr or the Doon."

NEWS FROM THE DEEP.—A bottle was picked up on Christchurch ledge on Friday, 24th ult., by James Bartlett, fisherman, containing a paper written in pencil as follows:—"Whoever picks this up please send to Major Hill, Brook-villa, Cheshunt, Herts. Off Ushant, boat half full of water, provisions, gunshot, water gone.—RICHARD PERREN."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter says:—"The *Moniteur* announces that the Princess Clotilde has entered upon the seventh month of her pregnancy. These monthly warnings may be of interest to midwives, but they appear to us to be strangely out of place in an official paper. The Princess Clotilde, wife of Prince Napoleon, has already two children. The Pope has as yet refused to baptise either, because Prince Napoleon has accepted his father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, to be his children's godfather. His Holiness has excommunicated the King, and will not accept him on any condition. He is deaf even to the entreaties of the Empress and of the Princess Clotilde. Prince Napoleon probably cares little about the matter, but he very properly refuses the Pope the right to dictate to him the selection of his children's godfathers or godmothers."

Another Paris letter, alluding to the recent catastrophe at the fireworks display at Paris, relates the following incident:—

"In connexion with this catastrophe, I may mention a remarkable case of courage and *sang froid*. One Charles Shuillier, formerly of the Cent-Garde, a man of remarkable muscular power, and who has saved several persons from drowning, was in company with his wife on the *Bridge de la Concorde*, on the night of the 15th, when the crowd was forming into a dense and compact mass. Seeing his wife on the point of fainting from the pressure, and fearing that she would be crushed to death, he threw her over the bridge into the Seine; then, plunging into the river immediately afterwards, he seized the woman, and in the course of a couple of minutes brought her safely to the bank without having suffered any material injury."

MEXICO.

The *Independence Belge* says that the Empress of Mexico has not succeeded in her mission. "In a final visit," it adds, "which she paid to the Emperor Napoleon, that Sovereign is said to have announced, not without regret, that it was utterly impossible for him to accede to her proposals. If, as stated, ships of war are being equipped at Brest (reinforcements of troops ready to depart to Mexico were spoken of), their mission will not be to sustain the tottering throne of Maximilian, but to protect French subjects from the dangers they may incur during the fall of the Mexican empire, after the abdication and departure of the Emperor. As to the Empress, she will not return to Mexico."

PRUSSIA.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* reports that when the deputation of the members of the Upper Chamber presented the address to the King of Prussia, he asked "whether any one of them believed five weeks ago that such results would have been obtained in so short a time. As for such results, he did not believe it. Every one did his duty, but it was to God that thanks were due for the great things which had been accomplished, and every one should in entire humility rejoice in the divine benediction." The King requested the deputation to give his thanks to the Upper House for their conduct in supporting the new organisation which is in course of preparation in spite of the efforts made in other quarters to impede this movement. The son of a prince, it was easy to understand how reluctant he was to deprive princes of their possessions. A painful struggle took place in his own mind on this subject, and the conviction alone that such a measure was necessary for the welfare of the country dictated his decision.

At half-past two on Saturday the King received the deputation appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to present to his Majesty the address of the house in reply to the speech from the throne. None of the ministers were present, and there was only an aide-de-camp in attendance on the King. The address was read by Herr von Forckenbeck, the president of the house. His Majesty, in a reply in which he touched upon all the points of the address, stated that he received with joy the address of the Chamber of Deputies, the almost unanimous manner in which it was voted bearing testimony to the unity of the Prussian people. The Chamber, without whom successes such as the world had scarcely ever witnessed before would have been impossible; their thanks were also justly due to the army. For his part, as he had been forced to draw the sword, he thanked the Almighty that, at so advanced an age, he had been chosen to achieve with and for Prussia such important successes. The superiority of the new organization of the army over the old system would now be recognised. The Government had never disputed the rights of the Chamber with regard to the budget. The indemnity which was now asked had in principle been repeatedly proposed by the Government, but unfortunately on former occasions no agreement had ensued. The constitution contained no article applicable to such a position of affairs. In the event of a recurrence of a similar state of things, he should be under the necessity of again acting as he had acted before, in order to preserve the regular order of the State. But a renewal of the conflict could not take place after the adoption of such an address as that just presented to him. The concluding portion of the deputies' reply contained all he could have wished.

AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Albert has issued the following address to the Austrian army:—

"Soldiers,—The conclusion of an armistice in the north and in the south has probably put an end to military operations. In the first period of this war you have had occasion to give proofs of your devotion and heroic courage in great battles and in small combats. On the theatre of war in the south the success of our arms by land and sea against valiant and more numerous foes speaks abundantly on this point. In the north, likewise, where the fortune of our arms has not been favourable, the whole world agrees in acknowledging the courage with which you opposed the superior numbers of the enemy, a more perfect arm of war, and untoward circumstances which put the perseverance of the soldier to the severest test. Flying from north and south to the protection of the menaced capital, the army assembled on the banks of the Danube by its imposing position arrested the march of the enemy. When Italy, taking advantage of the departure of the army of the south inundated with her troops the exposed parts of Venetia, and passed the frontiers of the German provinces, an army advanced from the north with unexampled rapidity, and, uniting with the brave soldiers left in defence of the Tyrol, compelled the enemy to retreat at all points, and to ask for an armistice. The Austrian army, attacked at once on two sides by the armies of two powerful States, and abandoned by fortune on the decisive theatre of the war, did all that could be expected under such circumstances. The war has imposed heavy burdens on the empire, but the blood which has been shed has not flowed in vain. It has won for Austria and her army glorious souvenirs and valuable

lessons, the grateful sympathy of the nation, the esteem of her adversaries, and the respect of the whole world. Rich in the experience which it has gained, the army may look to the future with unshaken confidence. We shall always joyfully respond to the call of our august Emperor, repeating the cry with which we began and ended the war—"Long live Austria! long live the Emperor!"

ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

"Headquarters, Vienna, August 17."

General News.

It is computed that there are 30,000 tramps in England, of whom a great majority are professional beggars. The amount of contributions levied in the name of charity by the whole class probably exceeds half a million.

Brigham Young has just purchased 500 miles of wire for the purpose of connecting all the Mormon settlements by telegraph. One hundred and fifty miles of the lines will run north of the Salt Lake and 350 miles south of it.

A German newspaper, the *Deutsche Zeitung*, has been started in Birmingham. It contains six folio pages. It is to be published weekly.

Madame Bertall, wife of the clever caricaturist of Paris, has just been delivered of three daughters, all in good health.

A commodious and finely-finished smoking-room for the use of those members of the royal family who indulge in the weed has just been finished at Balmoral Castle.

MAJSHAL BENEDEK is at present at Bruck, a small town in Styria, where he lives in a very retired manner with his family, passing his time in excursions to the mountains or in shooting game.

THE Sultan is in no enviable mood since the battle of Lissa, and he has sent to Francis Joseph to beg for an official account of the affair. The fact is, that the Sultan has in his fleet no less than four plated vessels, built on the model of the unfortunate *Réd d'Italia*, and he is naturally anxious to know how it was that the vessel was sent to the bottom.

A STRASBURG letter mentions a singular incident arising out of the late events in Germany. At the moment when the Prussian troops were menacing the Duchy of Nassau, the Grand Duke removed a quantity of valuable Rhenish wine to the customs' stores of Strasburg for safety. A portion of that wine appears to have been grown on Crown lands in Nassau, and the Duke was accustomed to take to his charge the expenses of the vintage, and the produce of the wine when sold by auction was shared between the Sovereign and the National Treasury. The Duchy having now been annexed to Prussia, the Government of Berlin, in order to protect the public property of that new portion of its dominions, has just lodged at the warehouse in Strasburg an opposition to the delivery of the deposit. What will be the future destination of the wine is not easy to foresee. There are doubts whether the French tribunals are competent to decide a question arising out of a political act taking place in another country. Probably an arrangement will be concluded between the parties, and the more so that the personal property of the Duke is now in the hands of the Prussian Government.

A GRAND family dinner was given at Laeken (Belgium) on the 23rd inst., to celebrate an anniversary of a double nature. The Queen of Belgium had then completed her thirtieth year, and it was just thirteen years, day for day, since her Majesty (then Archduchess of Austria) was married, at the age of seventeen, at Brussels, to the Duke de Brabant, now King Leopold II.

THE two sons of Abd-el-Kader have returned to Paris from the Pyrenees. They are to make a short stay in the French capital, and proceed to Marseilles to rejoin their father at Damascus.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON has just notified, on smart pink paper, to a member of his flock, that he discourages as much as possible the practice of returning thanks to God after childbirth by any of his congregation, since in most cases it is merely an absurd superstition practice!—*South London Press*.

It was generally reported in Dublin, on Saturday (says the *Liverpool Albion*), that a Queen's counsel, who was in great practice, had absconded, and that a series of forgeries, amounting to £20,000, is attributed to him.

"AMELIA, Brigham Young's latest wife," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "is a model woman for the 'Saints.' She is noticable, imperious, and coquettish, and Young pets her like a child. One evening a friend took tea with her and the Mormon prophet. After tea they remained at the table eating nuts, and Amelia threw her shells through an open window on the opposite side of the room. Her husband said, 'Amelia, don't do that; put your shells by your plate.' 'I shan't do it,' replied the fair one; 'I'll throw them where I please, and I'll do as I please, and you may help yourself.' And pulling her guest by the dress, she said, 'Come, let's go up-stairs, and let him grunt it out.'"

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR CHARLES MENZIES.—This distinguished officer died a few days ago at East-hill House, Hastings, at a great age. He entered the Marines as far back as February, 1798, when he was appointed second lieutenant. He was attached to Lord Nelson's squadron off Boulogne. When lieutenant he commanded a detachment of Marines, landed at Port Jackson (Sydney) during an insurrection of convicts in March, 1804, and was mainly instrumental in restoring tranquillity. He served in the boats of the *Minerva* at the capture, under Fort Finisterre, of five vessels in June, 1806. In July following, in a barge belonging to the *Minerva*, when fifty miles from where the frigate lay at anchor, he captured the Spanish privateer *Buena Dicha* after a sharp conflict. He also commanded a boat at the capture of a Spanish gunboat at Carril, and he commanded the Marines at the storming of Fort Finisterre in 1806 and 1807, being the first to enter the fort. He served in boats at the capture of the Spanish ship *San Josef* in the Bay of Arosa, where he landed, and made a prisoner of the commodore. In command of the Marines he assisted at the capture of *Guardia*. He was slightly wounded in cutting out the French corvette *La Moselle* from under a battery in Basque Roads. Among other gallant actions he served in the taking of Camarinas. During his services he was wounded in his right arm, which was amputated. The gallant officer received a sword of honour from the Patriotic Fund for his services. From 1838 to 1844 he commanded the Royal Marine Artillery. In 1831 he was made a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Order, and in April, 1865, was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. His commissions bore date as annexed:—Second lieutenant, Feb. 17, 1798; lieutenant, Dec. 21, 1803; captain, April 13, 1813; major, Jan. 10, 1837; lieutenant-colonel, July 10, 1837; colonel, July 10, 1844; major-general, June 20, 1854; lieutenant-general, June 20, 1855; and general, July 1, 1857.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—(Advertisement.)

MONSTER REFORM DEMONSTRATION IN BIRMINGHAM.

THOSE legislators who, during the recent reform debates, twitted the working classes with want of earnestness in the cause of reform, would have done well to pay a visit, on Monday, to Birmingham. Never since the great Birmingham gatherings of 1831 and 1832 has there been a political demonstration that could at all compare in point of earnestness or in numbers with the vast mass-meeting that assembled on Monday in the outskirts of the great midland centre of industry. It is within the mark to say that not less than 250,000, of all classes, assembled in the open air, to insist on some alterations in the present electoral system. The place chosen for the meeting was Brook-fields, a large open space, now being rapidly encroached upon by buildings, about a mile and a half from the centre of the town; and so admirably was the whole of the proceedings organized and carried out that the demonstration was brought to a successful termination, as far as could be ascertained without the slightest hitch or accident. It is scarcely necessary to say that the meeting was organized by the Birmingham branch of the Reform League, and the result does credit to their powers in that direction, for they have not only succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the whole of the different trade societies of Birmingham, but also the hearty co-operation of the Reform League branches and trade societies of Coventry, Oldbury, Smethwick, Westbromwich, Dudley, Nuneaton, Bilston, Kidderminster, Stourbridge, King's Norton, Stafford, and Wolverhampton, from all of which large deputations attended, and served to swell the immense gathering from Birmingham itself. In addition to the strictly political deputations from these places, excursion trains from most of the surrounding districts were run, each bringing hundreds of working men who were anxious to join their fellow workmen of Birmingham in giving *éclat* to the gathering. From an early hour in the morning most of the shops were closed, and the streets were thronged with working-men, hurrying to their different rendezvous. There was a very liberal display of bunting all over the town, and a profusion of dark blue ribbon, which appears to be the symbol adopted by the Reform League. Mr. John Bright arrived in Birmingham on Saturday evening, and became the guest of Mr. Sturge. Mr. Edmund Beales, Mr. Mason Jones, and Lieut.-Col. Dickson also came from London to represent the parent society. The council of the Birmingham branch appointed marshals to organize the several divisions that were to march in procession, and were fortunate enough to have valuable aid and assistance from the very efficient body of men forming the Birmingham police. The chief superintendent (Mr. Glossop) issued arrangements for the procession, which worked admirably under as severe a test as could well have been applied. It is calculated that about 10,000 men connected with the different trades of Birmingham and the surrounding districts took part in the procession. Each detachment was headed by banners setting forth their title, and accompanied by a band of music.

Mr. Bright's state of health rendered it inadvisable for him to address an open-air meeting; he therefore and Mr. Scholefield reserved themselves for the meeting in the Town Hall. They, however, paid a visit to the fields, and were lustily cheered as they with difficulty made their way through the dense masses that had assembled, and then drove to town with the Mayor and Mr. Sturge. It is calculated that at least 250,000 persons were present, and judging from the large area covered with human beings, that estimate seems short rather than in excess of the truth. The gathering was not fortunate in regard to the weather, for just before the arrival of the speakers and during the whole of the proceedings there was, with one or two trifling intermissions, a downpour of heavy rain. But in spite of this drawback, every one who could hear the speakers held his ground steadily, and never budged until the proceedings were brought to a close. Resolutions favourable to reform were unanimously passed.

In the evening a meeting was held in the Town Hall, for the purpose of presenting addresses to Mr. Scholefield and Mr. Bright, the representatives of the borough in parliament. Mr. Edwin Yates, the mayor, presided.

Both Mr. Bright and Mr. Scholefield were enthusiastically received by their constituents, who filled every portion of the large hall, for which this town is celebrated. The whole of the audience rose as they entered, and cheered again and again for several minutes.

MR. BRIGHT said: Mr. Mayor and gentlemen,—I accept the address which the mayor has presented to me on your behalf with feelings which I shall not attempt to express; I accept it as an ample compensation for whatsoever labours I have expended in your service, and I shall take it from this meeting and hold it as a constant stimulus to whatever labours may lie in my power to devote to your service for the future. (Cheers.) There are times when I feel no little despondency at the small result of many years of public labour; but to look upon a meeting like that assembled in this hall, and to look upon that vast gathering which your town has exhibited to the country and to the world to-day, is enough to dispel every feeling of fear and despondency, and to fill the heart and nerve the mind to new and greater labours for the future. Mr. Bright concluded his speech, which lasted an hour, as follows:—It is a great cause which is offered to your notice to-night, and it is a grand and noble flag under which you are asked to enlist yourselves. Now what I would recommend you to do is this—and I imagine myself to be at this moment speaking in the hearing of every intelligent and sober and thoughtful working man in the three kingdoms—let us try to move on together; let us not split hairs on this question; let us do as your forefathers did thirty-four years ago; let us have associations everywhere; let there be workshop and every factory be a reform association; let there be in every one of them a correspondent or a secretary, who shall enrol members, and shall in every way he can assist this great and noble cause. There will come soon another election. (Loud cheers.) The working men may not be able to vote, but they can form themselves into a powerful body, and they can throw their influence in every borough on the side of candidates who pledge themselves to the question of reform; and, if they do this, depend upon it they will change many seats, and give a certain majority for reform in the next parliament. It may be necessary and desirable to meet parliament again with petitions from all parts of the country, signed by numberless names. There is no effort which the constitution and which morality permits us to use that we should leave unused and unmade for the purpose of furthering this great cause; and let us be sure of this, that we demand that the question of reform shall only be dealt with by a Government honestly in favour of reform. The address which has been presented to me has referred to the time of 1832. I remember that time well. My young heart was then stirring by the trumpet blast that sounded from your midst. There was no part of this kingdom where your voice was not heard. And let it sound again. (Cheers.) Stretch out your hand to your

countrymen in every portion of the three kingdoms, and ask them to join a great and righteous effort on behalf of that freedom which has so long been the boast of Englishmen, but which the majority of Englishmen have never yet possessed. I shall esteem it an honour which my words cannot describe, and which even in thought I cannot measure, if the population which I am permitted to represent should do its full duty in the great struggle which is before us. (Cheers, and cries of "It will!") Remember the great object for which we strive. Care not for calumnies and for lies. Our object is this, to restore the British Constitution, and with all its freedom, to the British people. The hon. gentleman, after speaking an hour, resumed his seat amid the loud demonstrations of applause, the cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs lasting several minutes.

A vote of thanks to the strangers who had kindly assisted at the morning demonstration was acknowledged by Mr. AARON JONES, and the usual vote to the mayor for his courtesy in presiding brought the proceedings to a termination.

A MORMON PREACHER COMMITTED FOR TRIAL FOR BIGAMY.—At the Portsmouth Police-court, on Saturday, Paul Harrison, a Mormon preacher and a "showman," was placed at the bar on the charge of bigamy. The circumstances were of a somewhat singular character. It appeared that on the 19th of October, 1846, the prisoner, who went by the name of James Sherwood, married, at the parish church of Bury, in Lancashire, a woman named Mary Hamar. On the 15th of October, 1855, he married Emma Lewis, a widow, at Poplar, his first wife being still alive. At that time he went by the name of Harrison, which he stated was a name given him by the Mormons, of which celebrated community he had been a preacher for many years. The prisoner objected to the evidence of two of the witnesses, on the ground that they were "avowed infidels;" but the bench, after putting a few questions to them, decided that the objection was groundless, and said their evidence was admissible. Emma Lewis, the second wife, deposed that she had had four children by her first husband and three by the prisoner. She cohabited with the prisoner until three years ago, when she left him. Henry Lewis, the son of the last witness, deposed that in consequence of a communication made to him, he and his brother went to a place called Heywood, to the house of a woman named Mary Harrison. The prisoner was living with her. He called her "Mary," and she called him "Paul." A girl, between thirteen and fourteen, was there, and she called the prisoner "Father," and addressed the woman as "Mother." The prisoner said the greatest punishment he could have was separation from the woman Lewis and children; everything else was nothing. On being duly cautioned, the prisoner, who stated that he had nothing to say, was committed for trial at the next assizes at Winchester.

A SAD CASE.—On Saturday, about mid-day, a man named David Daniels, a mechanic, residing in one of some cottages in the Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey, was brought into Guy's Hospital suffering from Asiatic cholera. It appeared that on the previous day his wife and three children had succumbed to the disease, and that on Saturday morning he was actually in apparent health arranging with an undertaker in the neighbourhood for their interment. However, he was shortly after attacked, and brought to the cholera ward of the hospital as above-mentioned. He remained perfectly sensible, expressing his firm conviction that he should not recover, and his perfect resignation, inasmuch as he had nothing to live for now he had lost all those he held most dear on earth. About six o'clock in the evening he expired. He was about thirty-one years of age and his wife twenty-eight. The latter was exceedingly handsome. It may be remembered that the relations of the wife, hearing that she and her little ones were attacked by cholera, refused to visit her or attend upon her at all, and some of them, with whom one of the children was, sent it back to its parents' house. The cottage in which they lived is described as neat and wholesome, and there are no heaps of refuse, bad smells, or cesspools in the neighbourhood. The body of Daniels was sent back to his house on Saturday evening, and on Sunday, father, mother, and their three children were all interred together in the same grave, in the district burying-ground belonging to Bermondsey. A sight so novel and at the same time so melancholy attracted, as may well be imagined, a large crowd of spectators. It is only due to the hospital authorities to say that they have acted with great promptitude in every respect with regard to cholera cases.

DOVER AND CALAIS INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY.—The suggestion for making a tunnel beneath the bed of the English Channel wherein to lay this long-projected line has been condemned as impracticable, whilst the feasibility of constructing suspension or girder bridges with spans of from seven miles to twenty-one miles has been considered questionable; nor has the tube upon the Channel bed, protected by a bank of stones, been received with much greater favour, notwithstanding the success of the Pneumatic Despatch Company. The latest proposition is that of Mr. Charles Boutet, who states that he can, at a cost of £16,000,000 sterling, construct a gigantic pontoon bridge, with all the necessary appurtenances, and get the work open for traffic in five years. There will be openings for the convenience of ships navigating the Channel at each end of the bridge, and the bridge will be provided with lighthouses, refreshment buffets, ordinary carriage ways, and four rows of gas lamps by way of illumination. Mr. Boutet considers the French will readily alter the gauge of their railways when the bridge is completed.—*Mining Journal*.

A BAD EMINENCE.—The *Liverpool Albion* has the following remarks:—"Liverpool has been pronounced the most drunken, the most criminal, the most pauper-oppressed, and the most death-stricken town in England. And it is true. Its extreme drunkenness, and the excessive number of prisoners whose crimes are traceable to the indulgence in strong drink, arrest the attention of her Majesty's judges; its pauperism weighs heavily on the ratepayers; its annual rate of mortality—which was last week at the rate of fifty-six per thousand—is so high that those whose business familiarizes them with the statistics of disease and death are appalled by it. The drunken cases dealt summarily with by the magistrates are set down at the annual rate of one in thirty-three of the population, a much larger proportion than is shown by any other town in the kingdom. These statistics do not mean that one in every thirty-three of the inhabitants of Liverpool is fined for drunkenness every year, but that the fines inflicted for drunkenness have averaged that proportion. The habitual drunkards, in their periodic appearances before the bench, form an endless chain of besotted creatures. The same sinners come before their worship frequently; and each conviction is treated by the statistics as a separate case. According to the recently published judicial statistics there are 3,100 habitual drunkards in Liverpool, and they are about equally divided as to sexes. This wretched army of victims, who immolate themselves at the altar of Alcohol, are never very long out of the hands of the police."

GREAT YARMOUTH RACES.

THESE annual races came off on Tuesday and Wednesday, and attracted a vast concourse of people from the surrounding districts. Yarmouth races have very little metropolitan interest, nor do the fashionable sporting world support them to any extent, though good sport is by no means rare at these gatherings. In addition to the horse-racing there is also boat-racing, which sometimes assumes the importance of a regatta. On the present and following page we give three illustrations of these races.

Mr. Dickens, in an article in "Household Words," entitled "The Norfolk Gridiron," gives the following amusing account of Yarmouth:—

"St. Nicholas, the patron of fishermen and children in general, and of Great Yarmouth in particular, has no special or legendary connexion with gridirons; and yet Great Yarmouth is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by 'rows,' to the number of 156. Repel the recollection of a Chester-row, a Paradise-row, or a Rotten-row. A Yarmouth row is none of these. A row is a long narrow lane, or alley, quite straight, or as nearly so as may be, with houses on each side, both of which you can sometimes touch at once with the finger tips of each hand, by stretching out your arms to their full extent. Now and then the houses overhang, and even join above your head, converting the row, so far, into a sort of tunnel or tubular passage. Many and many a picturesque old bit of domestic architecture is to be hunted up among the rows. In some rows there is little more than a blank wall for the double boundary. In others, the houses retreat into tiny square courts, where washing and clear starching are done, and wonderful nasturtiums and scarlet-runners are reared from green boxes, filled with that scarce commodity, vegetable mould. Most of the rows are paved with pebbles from the beach; and, strange to say, these narrow gangways are traversed by horses and carts which are built for this special service, and which have been the cause of serious misunderstanding among antiquaries, as to whether they were, or were not, modelled after the chariots of Roman invaders. Of course, if two carts were to meet in the middle of a row, one of the two must either go back to the end again, or pass over the other one, like goats upon a single-file ledge of precipice. The straightness of the passage usually obviates this alternative. A few rows are well paved throughout with flagstone; carts are not allowed to enter them, and foot-passengers prefer them to the pebbly pathways."

A more recent article from the same pen gives a more accurate and less fanciful description of the place:—

"The highest portion of the South Denes is a ridge running parallel with the shore, and raised not many feet above it, but still commanding a most pleasing panorama of sea and land, town and country. It is annually used as a racecourse; and for a walk or canter, there are not many more cheerful and healthy spots on the face of the earth. But the whole peninsula is nearly a level plain. It is covered with herbage, so short and fine, that to turn sheep and cattle to feed there, seems almost as cruel as driving them to graze upon a green Brussels carpet, which has undergone a dozen years of family service. It is marvellous the materials whence to produce their eggs and young. The main agent which now causes any change in the level of the Denes is the wind, which not only deposits the drifting sand around every tuft of grass, but also opens a wider gap at any spot left bare of vegetation. On the North Denes (where stand the mills immortalized in 'Robinson Crusoe'), every tuft of furze is the foundation of a hillock; just as the African sand-winds raise a small mound over the carcass of every camel left exposed on the surface of the desert. They are admirable hills, in small, for infantile geographers to explore, with a reckless determination of making grand discoveries."

Yarmouth Quay is very beautiful in its picturesque appearance. Upon the quay is the spacious Custom House, and bonded ware-

houses for all articles, except tobacco, brought coastwise. The duties received amount to nearly 80,000*l.* per annum.

The jetty was erected in 1808, at a cost of 5,000*l.*; it was built upon the site of the old jetty, constructed in 1560: it is twenty-one feet wide and 520 in length. During the mackerel season, the jetty is the most amusing place in the town. The mackerel season begins the first week in May and terminates early in July. This is followed by the white herring fishing, succeeded by the red herring, or home fishing. The celebrity which the Yarmouth herrings have acquired for their delicacy of flavour, and which has gained for them the distinctive name of "bloaters," is usually attributed to the peculiarity of the feeding grounds, the shallow water and sandy bottom being best suited to their habits.

The Wellington Pier is north of the jetty, and constructed wholly of timber, the platform being upon piles. This pier is thirty feet wide and 700 feet in length; the termination being 100 feet wide. This pier was erected as a memorial to the Duke of Wellington; a standard, emblazoned with the arms of the duke, is hoisted on the anniversaries of the great battles in which he was engaged.

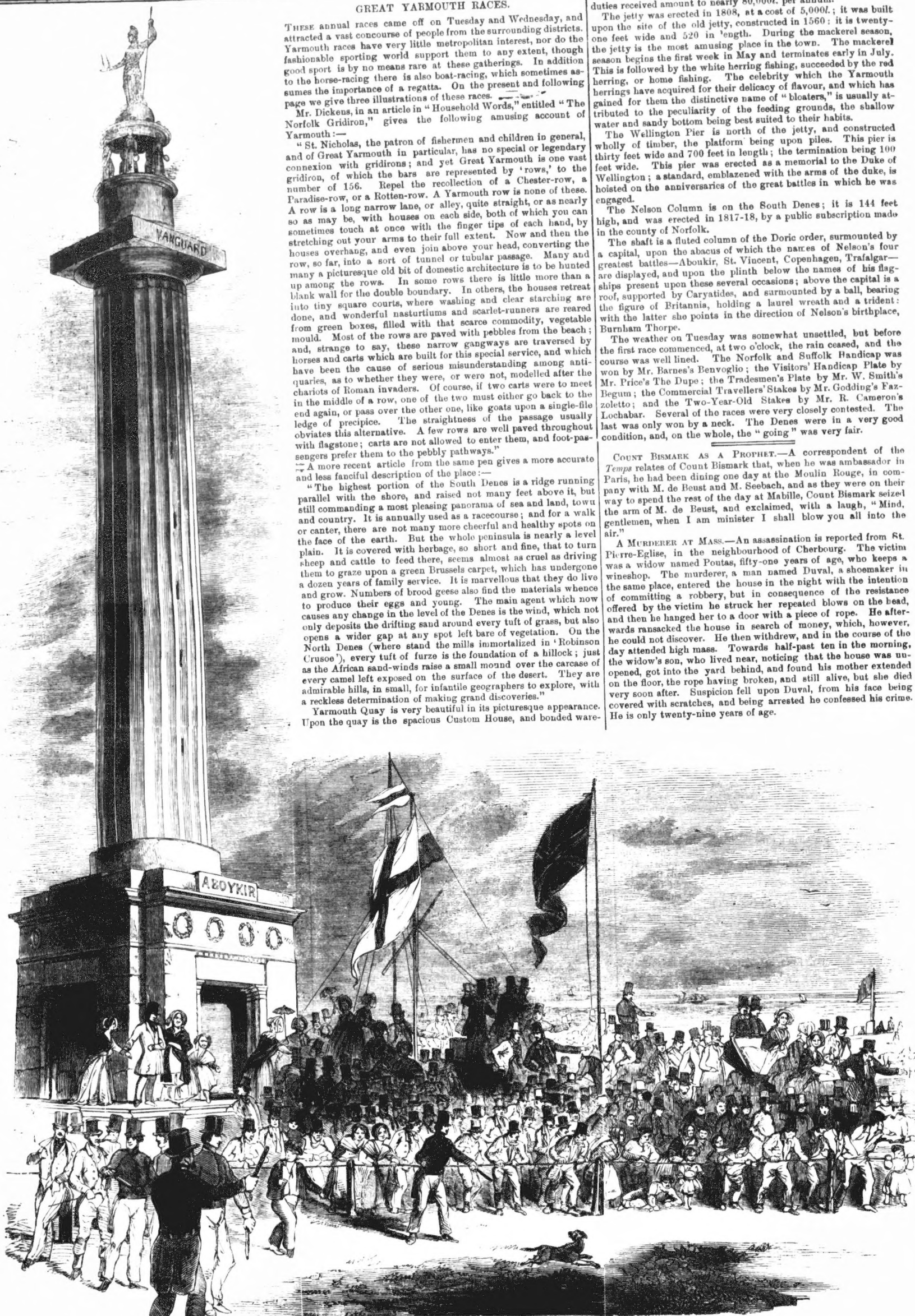
The Nelson Column is on the South Denes; it is 144 feet high, and was erected in 1817-18, by a public subscription made in the county of Norfolk.

The shaft is a fluted column of the Doric order, surmounted by a capital, upon the abacus of which the names of Nelson's four greatest battles—Aboukir, St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Trafalgar—are displayed, and upon the plinth below the names of his flag-ships present upon these several occasions; above the capital is a roof, supported by Caryatides, and surmounted by a ball, bearing the figure of Britannia, holding a laurel wreath and a trident: with the latter she points in the direction of Nelson's birthplace, Burnham Thorpe.

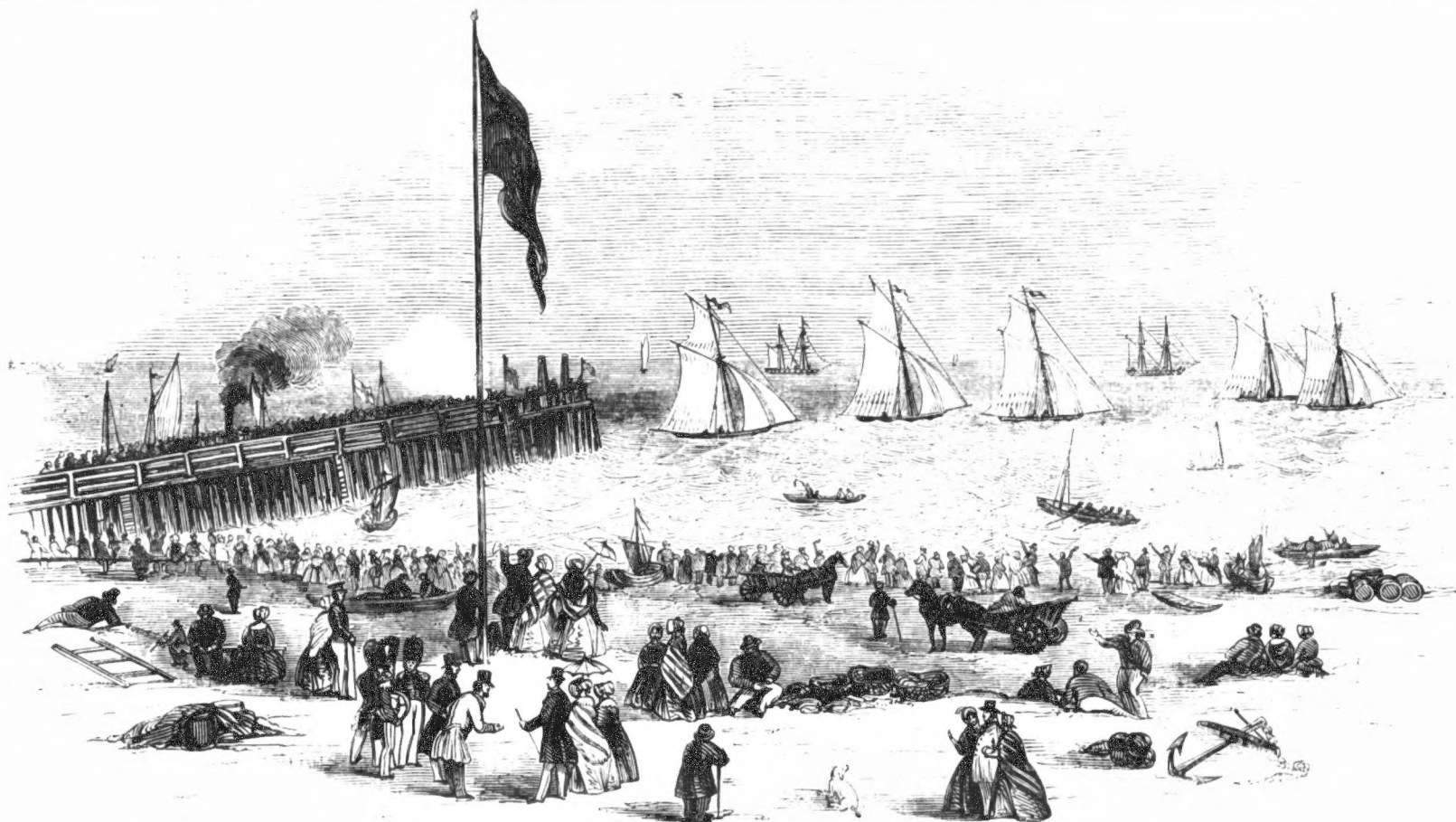
The weather on Tuesday was somewhat unsettled, but before the first race commenced, at two o'clock, the rain ceased, and the course was well lined. The Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap was won by Mr. Barnes's Benvoglio; the Visitors' Handicap Plate by Mr. Price's The Duke; the Tradesmen's Plate by Mr. W. Smith's Begum; the Commercial Travellers' Stakes by Mr. Godding's Faz-zoletto; and the Two-Year-Old Stakes by Mr. R. Cameron's Lochabar. Several of the races were very closely contested. The last was only won by a neck. The Denes were in a very good condition, and, on the whole, the "going" was very fair.

COUNT BISMARCK AS A PROPHET.—A correspondent of the *Temps* relates of Count Bismarck that, when he was ambassador in Paris, he had been dining one day at the Moulin Rouge, in company with M. de Beust and M. Seebach, and as they were on their way to spend the rest of the day at Mabile, Count Bismarck seized the arm of M. de Beust, and exclaimed, with a laugh, "Mind, gentlemen, when I am minister I shall blow you all into the air."

A MURDERER AT MASS.—An assassination is reported from St. Pierre-Eglise, in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg. The victim was a widow named Poutas, fifty-one years of age, who keeps a wineshop. The murderer, a man named Duval, a shoemaker in the same place, entered the house in the night with the intention of committing a robbery, but in consequence of the resistance offered by the victim he struck her repeated blows on the head, and then he hanged her to a door with a piece of rope. He afterwards ransacked the house in search of money, which, however, he could not discover. He then withdrew, and in the course of the day attended high mass. Towards half-past ten in the morning, the widow's son, who lived near, noticing that the house was unopened, got into the yard behind, and found his mother extended on the floor, the rope having broken, and still alive, but she died very soon after. Suspicion fell upon Duval, from his face being covered with scratches, and being arrested he confessed his crime. He is only twenty-nine years of age.



YARMOUTH RACES.—SCENE AT THE NELSON COLUMN.



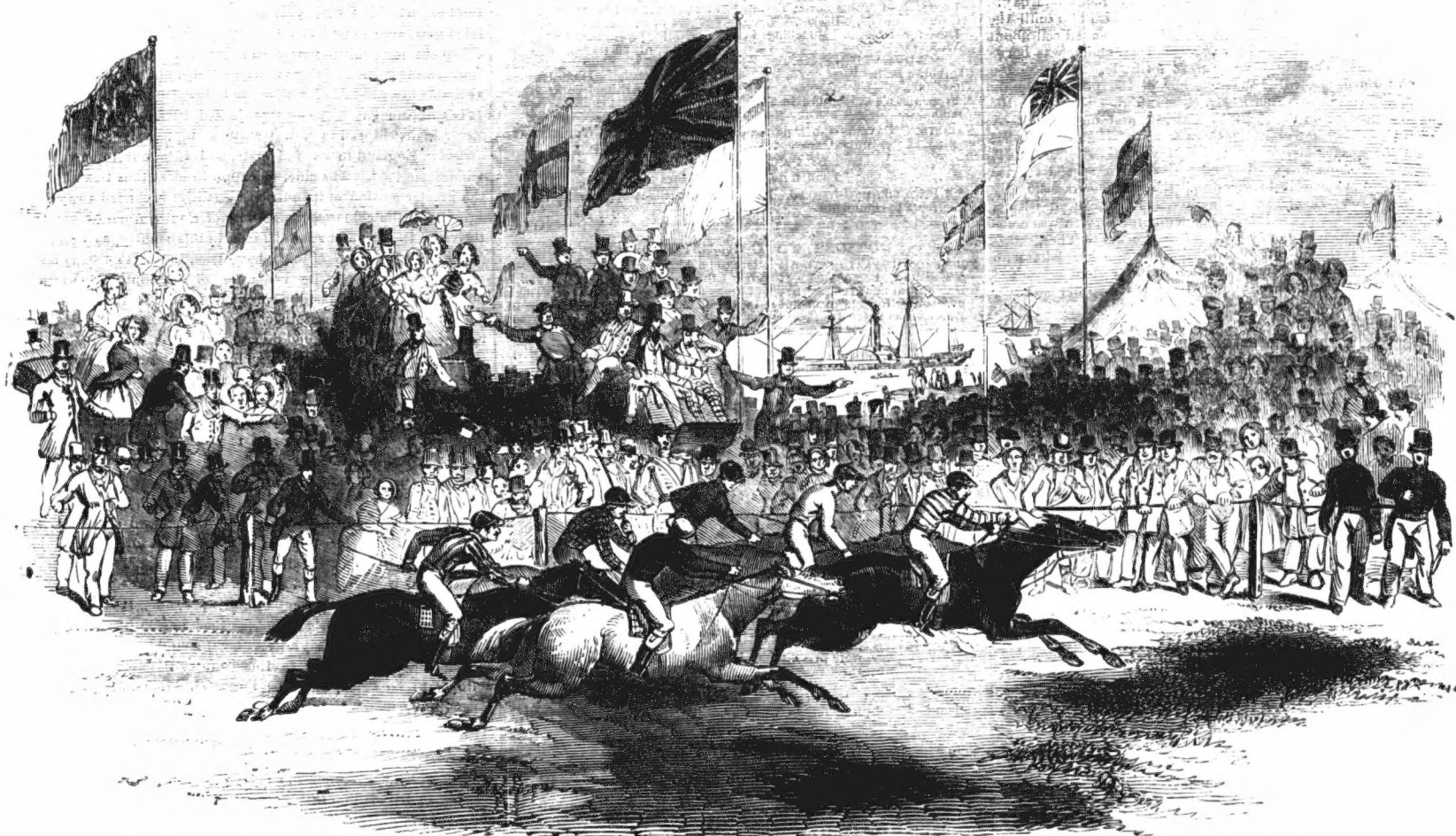
INTERVALS OF THE RACES.—AQUATIC AMUSEMENTS AT THE JETTY. (See page 180.)

A SUCCESSFUL CORN-CUTTER AND THE LAW.

A CORN-CUTTER, named Louis, aged 61, was tried in Paris, on a charge of having practised the healing art without having a doctor's degree. It was conclusively proved against him that he had not only practised illegally, but had illegally and effectually cured a great many people who were afflicted with wens and tumours. The informer at whose instance the prosecution was instituted did not appear, and the evidence upon which the public prosecutor relied was entirely collected from witnesses called for the defence. M. Bonaventure, one of the Emperor's Cent Gardes, deposed that he had a large tumour under his ear; he was recommended to go to the defendant, "Pere Louis," who dressed the place four times

with a sort of wash, after which the tumour entirely disappeared. Louis Weiss, formerly a trumpeter in the Cent-Gardes, and now a keeper in the Bois de Boulogne, said he had been completely cured in eight days of a wen which he had in the neck. M. Leon Vrignault, a gentleman holding the respectable position of an attache to the Minister of Marine, deposed as follows:—"I had an encysted tumour in the ear about the size of an egg. I consulted three or four doctors, and met with no relief. A homoeopathic doctor tried an application, which at first diminished the swelling considerably, but at the end of a week it became as big as ever. He then told me I had no alternative but to submit to an operation or go to "Pere Louis," who, to his certain knowledge, had cured many of similar things. I went to the defendant

accordingly, and he applied his wash to the part. It gave me a little pain, but did no harm to my general health. The tumour, although less, not having entirely disappeared, I again consulted my family physician (an allopathist), and he said that after the results already obtained I could not do better than continue under M. Louis. I re-commenced last Saturday; he applied the wash again this morning, and I am going on very well." The imperial advocate, M. Paul Lefebvre, said the witnesses for the defence had completely made out the charge. It did not matter how successful the defendant might have been, the acts described constituted essentially the practising of the medical art, and, as he was not qualified, he must be condemned. M. Tournellier, counsel for the defence, submitted that to remove a tumour or other



YARMOUTH RACES.—THE STRUGGLE AT THE FINISH. (See page 180.)

exorcism was no more practising medicine than cutting a corn. He proceeded to give a truly marvellous account of the way in which his client had become possessed of the secret which he used for the benefit of humanity. He had been for forty years a shepherd, and had observed that his sheep carefully refrained from touching a certain plant which seemed to be repugnant to them. On one occasion, when he wished to wean some lambs, it occurred to him as a good way to prevent them from sucking to tie some leaves of this plant round the teats of the mothers. The device was effectual; but, to his astonishment, the teats shrivelled and fell off within a few days! He happened at the time to have a large wart on the tip of his nose. Reasoning by analogy, he thought it probable that this herb would get rid of his wart. So it did, and this was the origin of his secret. "The learned counsel read a letter from a priest, 'Abbe Ravant,' living at No. 5, Vieux Chemin, a Montmartre, certifying that 'Pere Louis' had relieved him of a wart on the nose. For all these illegal cures the court sentenced M. Louis to pay a fine of 15*fr.* (12*s.*), a punishment which will certainly not deter him from continuing his practice.

EXECUTION AT MANCHESTER.

The first execution since 1798 took place at Manchester on Saturday morning at the New Bailey Gaol. There is no open space in the vicinity, and special preparations had to be made, in the shape of numerous and heavy barricades, to prevent any accident from the great crowding which it was rightly conjectured would ensue. These preparations were completed on the Friday afternoon, and all through the night a large and moving mass was attracted to the spot. It is calculated that from 30,000 to 40,000 persons were present to witness the execution, of whom, however, very few were women. The final arrangement of the scaffold was not completed until shortly after six o'clock on Saturday morning, and on a party of workmen making their appearance for the purpose they were assailed by the mob with mingled cheers and hisses, and a few apples were also thrown at them. As the lower part of the scaffold was being screened a portion of the crowd struck up the chorus:—

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
England is a happy land;
We are all united,
And Beelzebub defy,
And we'll join the hallelujah band!

Burrows, the condemned criminal, it should be stated was only nineteen years of age. He was the son of a farmer, living at Hopwood, near Rochdale, and was found guilty at the last Manchester assizes of the murder of an Irish labourer of his father's, named John Brennan. Burrows has been very penitent since his conviction, and has never denied his guilt. On Saturday morning, shortly before his execution, he signed the following statement:—

"I, William Burrows, do acknowledge that I have, by suddenly cutting off the life of John Brennan, made his wife a widow and his children fatherless. May God help them. My sin is ever before me now; and, rather than linger a miserable life on earth, I would wish to cast myself on the mercy of God. I acknowledge the righteousness of His law and the laws of my country. As I do not wish to make a speech on the drop, I beg, through this paper, which I have asked the chaplain to write out for me to sign, to warn all young people of both sexes to be obedient to their parents, not to neglect the Sabbath, the school, and the Bible, and against all profaneness and debauchery, and especially against evil company, my ruin. My last word is, may God be merciful to me a sinner, through Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

(Signed)

"JAMES BURROWS.

"From the condemned cell, Aug. 25, 1866.

"Witness—JAMES GRETEX, Warder."

The condemned criminal rose at five o'clock on Saturday morning, having passed a very restless night. Mr. Wright, the prison philanthropist, has been constantly with him, and says that he never met with one more penitent. He had a very retentive memory, and committed a great many hymns to heart. He was continually saying, "I have done wrong; I cry night and day." The prison chaplain and Mr. Wright remained with him until the last. Calcraft, the executioner, entered the condemned cell about five minutes before eight, and the process of pinioning was borne by the unfortunate criminal with great fortitude. A procession was then formed, headed by the governor of the prison, Captain Mitchell, and the Under-Sheriff, Mr. G. Maxstead. Then came the criminal, supported on the right by Calcraft, and on the left by the Rev. C. F. Bagshawe. After these came the High Sheriff, Sir Ekanah Armitage, Mr. Wright, the Mayor of Salford, Mr. T. Dickens, Dr. Braddon, &c. The chaplain read a special service on the way from the cell to the drop, the prisoner occasionally praying fervidly. He ascended a few steps of the scaffold with a firm tread, and on a pause being made while the service was completed he repeated the hymn "Just as I am I come to Thee," also the Lord's Prayer. Burrows was here left by the chaplain, who was deeply affected, and then stepped on to the scaffold before the crowd with great composure. Calcraft soon finished his business, and the prisoner died almost without a struggle. After hanging an hour the body was cut down and buried in the garden on the Irwell-street side of the prison.

RECANTATION.—The *Staffordshire Advertiser* states that the ordinary course of morning service at Burslem parish church was departed from on Sunday last for the purpose of enabling a convert from Roman Catholicism to make a public recantation, and to afford an opportunity of rebaptising a child of the convert, a gentleman of the name of Hollamby. In the middle of the service Mr. Hollamby presented his child for baptism, and Dr. Armstrong baptised it conditionally in the usual form, he and his niece acting as sponsors. Mr. Hollamby then requested to be allowed publicly to read his recantation. The rector produced the form of recantation which was sanctioned by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and used by the rector on numerous previous occasions. This was read aloud by Mr. Hollamby. During these ceremonies we are informed the most breathless attention pervaded the church, the unusual proceedings exciting deep interest amongst the congregation.

THE POPULAR HEALTH FOOD.—Cure No. 68413.—Rome, July 21, 1866. "The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to the use of Dr. Barry's Food, which has produced a surprisingly long and rapid recovery on his health, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent Food highly. From the *Gazette de Med.* July 25. Dr. Barry's Food is a simple, healthy, and infant's Food, the Revalenta Arabica, which is a most powerful tonic, and a cure, without medicine, of all diseases of the stomach, indigestion, Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, of the heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervousness, Liver and Stomach complaint, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 5,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In doses, at 1*s.* 1*d.*; 1*lb.* 2*s.* 9*d.*; 12*lbs.* 22*s.*; 24*lbs.* 4*s.* 6*d.* at all grocers. (Advertisement.)

NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH FOR ONE PENNY.

NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH FOR EVERYBODY.

NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH. JUNE 20th.

NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH. ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NOTICE. A MINE OF WEALTH. BOW BELLS. NO. 53.

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The May-flower.
"The Trumpet Calls to Arms."
There is a Flower that Blooms.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.
Garibaldi.
Professor Fawcett, M.P.
Madame Maria Vilda.
FINE ARTS ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Flight into Egypt.
Nasturtiums.
Drought in Judea.
Peach Blossoms.
Rebecca.

THE LADIES' PAGES.

GENERAL LITERATURE.—The Language of Flowers. Woman Encouragement. She was not made for Happiness (poetry). Etiquette for Ladies. May's Amendment. Love's Insanity. Domestic Education. A Ballet-girl. Just got Married. Woman's Mission. Fashion. Woman's Friendship. Fashions for September. Explanation of Fashion-plate.
THE WORK-TABLE, with NUMEROUS DESIGNS.—Chaise-Cloth. Corner for Handkerchief. Border for a Table-Cover. The Helena Collar. Lace Insertion. Braid Edging. Fence-Bag. Flower-Vase Mat. Initials. Gentlemen's Slipper. Lace Lappet. Table-Cover. Tassel-Cover. Carriage-Basket. Deep Lace for Dresses. Modelling in Wax.

ADVENTURES, &c.

Sherborne Bells.
The Camel.
A Frenchman's Adventure in Surinam.

VARIETIES. SAYINGS AND DOINGS. HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS. TOILETTE AND LADIES' GUIDE. NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TITLE AND INDEX TO VOL. IV.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the Office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2*s.* 2*d.* for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent misdirection of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a coloured wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

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* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

EMIGRATION.—The eastern portion of New South Wales is divided into counties. Beyond the "settled" district, the squatters have extended their sheep and cattle runs over more than a hundred million acres. The metropolitan county, which comprehends the beautiful and varied shores of Port Jackson, bears the name of Cumberland. It is up in the southern side of Port Jackson that Sydney, the capital of the colony, is situated.

R. T.—Lentils, of all colours, possess the largest amount of nutritious matter; turnips the least. Peas and beans stand next the lentils, and then wheat.

E. D.—Post-offices were first established in France about 1492, and not in England till 1591.

CALVIN.—We believe the Calvinist sect began about the year 1543. FR. D. H. The first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral was laid in 1675. The building was opened on the 2nd of December, 1697, when public service was performed.

F. P.—Hatching chickens by artificial heat has been practised for many hundred years. It is a simple process, requiring only a steady heat of 100 to 110 degrees of Fahrenheit.

R. B.—The charge for admission into a Roman Catholic chapel is perfectly legal.

SCANDINAVIA.—The first Act for laying an excise upon gin was, we believe, passed in 1766. At that time upwards of 7,000 houses in London sold gin by retail. The excise was 5*s.* per gallon, and each seller was required to take out a license.

R. T.—Vanny K'm'le made her first appearance at Covent-garden Theatre in 1829, and Adele K'm'le at the same house in 1831.
W. T.—Rio, or Rio Janeiro, is the capital of the Brazilian empire, and is the largest and most commercial city upon the South America continent.
DIVE.—The credit of having been the first to apply the diving bell in aid of civil engineering on racons is usually attributed to a mason, who used it in 1779 in repairing the foundation of Hexham bridge.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
1	S	Partridge shooting begins	6 0 6 24
2	S	14th Sunday after Trinity	6 50 7 19
3	M	British Bank stopped, 1856	7 51 8 30
4	T	Sun rises 5h. 18m.; sets 6h. 40m.	9 13 9 56
5	W	Old St. Bartholomew	10 38 11 19
6	T	Montreal captured, 1670	11 53 —
7	F	Colliery explosion at Soghill, 1863	0 24 0 52

Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 2nd, 6h. 9m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Jeremiah 5; Matt. 3. Jeremiah 22; Rom. 3.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast and Fast Days.—1st, Giles, Abbot and Confessor (A.D. 725); 7th, Eusebius, Bishop of Orleans (A.D. 340).

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE prices of the chief necessities of life in this country have, of late years, risen considerably. Beef and mutton have recently become so expensive as to astonish persons who remember the moderate rates that were paid for these articles half a century ago. The late prevalence of the rinderpest in this country, which destroyed thousands of valuable animals, no doubt tended to enhance the price of meat, besides interfering to a certain extent with importations of live animals from abroad. But under any circumstances there seems to be little doubt that animal food would have ruled high during the last twelve months, and if the purchasing capabilities of the community continue to increase at the rate they have hitherto done, it will be difficult to predict the arrival of the time when butchers' meat can be bought at what used to be considered moderate prices—say, 5*d.* or 6*d.* per pound. Sheep in Australia were at one time valued for their wool-producing capabilities, and their flesh was estimated of little value because the population was too scanty to consume it. The gold discoveries and other causes have, we believe, greatly altered the former state of things. The great plains of South America teem with countless thousands of horses, bullocks, and sheep. For many years past the districts washed by the River Plate have abounded with such myriads of bees that they were killed chiefly for their hides, and these, salted, were exported principally to the markets of Europe, the flesh being for the most part wasted or disposed of at nominal prices. From a report drawn up by Francis Clare Ford, of Buenos Ayres, and presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, it appears that a leg of mutton may be bought in the markets of Buenos Ayres for 1*ld.* or 1*s.*, and beef is comparatively cheaper. 70,000,000 lb. of cured meat are annually exported from the Plate for the use of the coloured population of the Brazils and Havana. The number of horned cattle to be found in these fertile districts may be imagined from the fact that the total export of hides last year exceeded 2,500,000, and it is calculated that there must be 22,000,000 black cattle and 35,000,000 sheep in the countries washed by the Plate and its affluents. Surely some portions of these vast supplies might be utilized and made available in a palatable form for the industrious millions of Europe. It is still thought by some that jerked beef, as prepared in the River Plate, shipped in a wet state and properly stowed, might arrive in England in a sound state, and turn out to be good and wholesome food. The chief objection to meat thus treated is, that the greater portion of its nutritive qualities is carried away in the brine; but the coloured population of South America seems to thrive on it. Several scientific men in this country, as well as the Baron Von Liebig, of Munich, have tried to devise means for developing the vast cattle resources of the South American republics by applying the discoveries of science to the invention of plans for conveying meat thence to England in a condition fit to be eaten, a distance of 6,000 miles. 500,000 lb. of beef and mutton, treated by Mr. Morgan's process, have been landed at Liverpool since the month of May, 1865, and met with a ready sale at 4*d.* per pound. This process is based on forced infiltration, and the circulating system of the body is adapted as a means of introducing the brine into the tissues. The beast is either knocked on the head, or has his spinal cord severed, which causes instant death. The chest is then sawn open, and the heart exposed, and incisions made in the latter whereby the blood escapes. A pipe is then introduced into the aorta, and a force-pump injects brine, which is diffused all over the system. This clears the vessels and capillaries, and is then allowed to escape. A second injection follows, which completes the process. It is evident that there is a superabundance of animal food in South America; and there can be no doubt that a great boon would be conferred on the middle and lower classes in this country if butchers' meat, in a state fit to be eaten, could be imported. Let us hope that the ingenuity of man may be able to solve the difficulty, and that in this way the means of human subsistence may be multiplied within these realms.

THE deeper we look into the facts the deeper grows the sad and portentous conviction that not only are our army and navy inadequate to the exigencies of offensive war, but that both by sea and land we are not prepared for defence. The declaration made

in his place in parliament by the First Lord of the Admiralty, that we have hardly enough ships in our reserve for supplying the places of those coming home for repairs from foreign stations; is supplemented by the fact that we have not a fortress on our coasts armed with proper ordnance. We have a few experimental guns, but to suppose that these are any safeguard would be as if the Prussians had supposed that the perfected sample of the needle-gun made by Herr Dreyse, and placed in the royal armoury, was sufficient, without placing a fac-simile in the hands of every Prussian soldier. Of what use are the one Mersey gun, the one Big Will, and the dozen or score of other experimental guns at Shoeburyness or elsewhere, for arming our fleets and naval fortresses? And it is not as if we had come to this state of things through wilful parsimony, through conscientious, intentional, set purpose. But the fact is, we have been spending five-and-twenty millions a year on our armaments, and we have neither a fleet, nor an army, nor a properly-armed fortress upon our coasts. In four years, taking the average, we spend a hundred millions on an army and navy which, practically speaking, we are told does not exist. That is to say, that if we were at war with a foreign Power—or, if war were to come, what would be far more probable, a coalition of great foreign Powers—we have no proper fleet to prevent their coming, no proper fortresses to prevent their landing, and no proper army to drive them back again into the sea after they had landed. Perhaps, when we have suffered some great disaster, we shall begin to reform our army, and, for the dozenth time, reconstruct our navy. What sort of army reform is needful is self-evident to everybody who will look at the matter without prejudice. In the first place, we want to attract more men to the service; and the very first thing to be done for accomplishing this is the abolition of flogging. Flogging out of the army is reserved for the worst class of fellows who have been convicted of robbery with brutal violence. Garrotters and highwaymen, who are not contented with merely stripping their victims of their property, but half strangle them, and leave them for dead, are the sort of characters who alone, out of the army, are the persons on whom the barbarous and debasing punishment of the cat is inflicted. Yet in the army a breach of discipline, which may hardly amount to a moral or criminal offence at all, is punished with flogging. If it be argued, as it always has been argued, that nothing but flogging will have any effect with the sort of men of whom our army is composed, the obvious reply is that we ought to attract a better class of men, and that we can only do by abolishing the lash. No man who is not absolutely starving can, as a general rule, be expected to enter the army, where the cat is still a flourishing institution in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Now, the persons who are so badly off that the army is their only chance, necessarily come, taking the average, from the lowest class of unskilled labourers, and thus, from their ignorance and general ill-conditioned nature, the pretence has been set up that the cat is a necessity, for they would heed nothing else. But, we say, abolish the cat, and then you will attract a better class of men into the ranks. But the mere abolition of flogging would not be alone sufficient to make the army properly attractive. In many respects the condition of a soldier is a condition of slavery. The press-gang and the conscription are out of the question here; and if we would have a good army—an army of intelligent, well-informed soldiers, an army numerically strong enough for the use of a first-rate Power like England,—we must make it worth the while of the great mass of the people to volunteer into it.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT FRANKFORT.—A letter from Frankfort to the *Presse* of Vienna, tells the following story of the Prussian occupation of Frankfort. Mr. Murphy, the American minister to the Diet, was informed by General de Manteuffel that he and his countrymen could not be relieved from the charge of billeting soldiers on their houses. Mr. Murphy put on his hat, and simply replying, "General, pray observe that our fleet is on the Baltic," took his leave. The Americans have had no soldiers to provide lodging for!

SCALDED TO DEATH THROUGH CRINOLINE.—On Monday, Mr. W. Carter, the coroner for East Surrey, held an inquiry at the King's Head Tavern, York-road, Lambeth, on the body of James William Clark, aged five years. The deceased was the son of a carpenter, living at No. 14, Smith-street, York-road, Lambeth, and on the previous Thursday evening the mother of the deceased left the child lying in front of the fireplace while she attended to her domestic duties. Upon passing by the child the crinoline she had on her came in contact with a saucepan on the fire containing boiling water, which fell on the deceased, and he was so shockingly scalded over the body that he died shortly afterwards from the injuries. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

BEATING A WIFE.—Joseph Tappy, a blacksmith's hammerman, was charged with assaulting his wife. The complainant, a decent-looking young woman, said that nine months ago she married the prisoner, and before a week was over he violently assaulted her; such was his brutality, that he had caused her a miscarriage, and she scarcely knew the time when she went three days without a black eye. Having been locked up the whole of the previous night, the confinement seemed to have had a good effect on him, for he sent for her on that morning, and expressed such contrition for his conduct, and made such fair promises to treat her kindly for the future that she very much wished to give him another trial, and asked the magistrate to consent to his discharge on entering into his own recognizances. Mr. Norton remarked that the prisoner's conduct had been so thoroughly brutal, that he richly deserved six months' hard labour. The only terms upon which he would comply with the wife's request was by her solemn promise on oath that the very first time he ill-used her she should come to this court for redress. This the wife promised, and the prisoner, having also promised to treat his wife with kindness for the future, was discharged.

MEDICAL HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Every family has its specific, but nothing can be more dangerous than the fallacy that one medicine will cure every disorder. Every drug and every compound has its office, beyond which it becomes mischievous, and to the recognition of this great truth may be attributed the unparalleled success of a medicine which, during an existence exceeding sixty-five years, has never met with disparagement. We allude to COCKER'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, which have become one of the household words of the British nation. [Advertisement.]

The Court.

On Monday afternoon their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Major-General Seymour and Lady Susan Melville, left Boulogne en route for Windsor Castle. Their royal highnesses, who for the last few days have been residing at the British Embassy in Paris, embarked on board the Vivid, Commander Sullivan, and left Boulogne Harbour at twenty minutes to three o'clock, and arrived at Folkestone at half-past four o'clock. The pier was crowded by a fashionable assemblage, among whom were the Duke and Duchess de Nemours and Princess Marie d'Orleans. The mayor was present on the part of the corporation, Mr. J. Crick representing the railway company, and Captain Goodman the harbour authorities. The royal train quitted the station shortly after five o'clock. Windsor was reached about 8.45 p.m., when the prince and princess immediately drove to the Castle, where a suite of rooms had been fitted up in the York Tower for their reception.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Dunrobin Castle is said to be definitely fixed for the 5th of October. The annual volunteer competition takes place on the 4th and 5th of that month, and the review and presentation of prizes on the following day. *—Inverness Courier.*

On the arrival of her Majesty at Ballater, on Friday afternoon, a detachment of the 42nd Regiment, which arrived in the forenoon from Aberdeen, was drawn up in front of the hotel as a guard of honour. A large number of the villagers and visitors assembled in front of the hotel, and loudly cheered as the carriage drove to the inn door. The afternoon having been somewhat misty, her Majesty drove to Ballater in a close carriage; but as the mist considerably cleared off, the carriage was opened for the remainder of the journey. About five minutes were spent in changing horses, when the Queen again started, drawn by four of her own Scots greys. At Balmoral her Majesty was greeted by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Dr. Robertson. A number of tenants had likewise assembled to welcome the royal visitors. *—Scotch Paper.*

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

The subscription room, although not overcrowded on Monday, was pretty well attended, and an average amount of business transacted. The near approach of the St. Leger constitutes that the principal betting race, and, indeed, speculation was this afternoon almost wholly confined to that event. The present position of Lord Lyon is one of unquestionable firmness; 500 even was offered in one bet, and if this price could be obtained he would be backed for thousands; but the book makers stipulate for a shade of odds, and between the two parties a large amount of money hangs, as it were, in the balance. At the same time there was a strong desire manifested to support Savernake, and 5 to 1 were taken freely until these odds were exhausted. Rustic proved to be wholly out of favour, and appeared to recede gradually point by point; the offers to lay against him, prices liberal and more liberal, meeting with no response. On the other hand, the hitherto despised Strathconan had many friends behind him, one of whom took 1,300 to 100, and at the same odds he was backed many times for smaller sums. John Scott's stable met with some favour, Westwick being backed at 20 to 1, while 12 to 1 would have been taken about his lot. The remainder of the betting consisted in offers against outsiders. The Derby betting proved almost a dead letter, and we saw but one bet laid—namely, 25 to 1 against Julius to £50. The following are the quotations:—

ST. LEGER.—Even on Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off, t 100 to 90); 5 to 1 agst Marquis of Ailesbury's Savernake (t and wanted); 100 to 15 agst the Duke of Beaufort's Rustic (off); 13 to 1 agst Mr. F. Watt's Strathconan (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Westwick (t); 1,000 to 40 agst Lord Zealand's Podargus (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Bowes's War (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. S. Hawke's Midsummer Colt (off); 10 to 1 agst John Scott's lot (off, t 10 to 1); 100 to 90 agst Savernake, 1, 2, 3 (t).

THE DERBY.—25 to 1 agst the Duke of Newcastle's Julius (t).

EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING MATCH AT SEA FOR £100.—On Monday afternoon a most extraordinary match, from Sheerness to the Nore, was swam between Henry Coulter, captain of the Serpentine Swimming Club, and Ikey Cooey, the landlord of the Old King's Head, Sheerness, the stakes being £50 aside. The challenge emanated from Cooey, who has been in her Majesty's Marine service, long distances being his more especial forte, and who offered to swim against anybody in the world from Sheerness to the Nore Light Ship, a distance of about four miles "as the crow flies." Coulter, who was beaten recently by Pamplin of the London Swimming Club in the Serpentine, 1,000 yards, at once took up the gauntlet, and the match came off on Monday afternoon shortly after three o'clock, the taking off being from boats close to her Majesty's ship Formidable. Betting was in favour of Coulter with the London division; the home party booking it a certainty "for the Mariner;" and at the word "Go" from the referee, they started off together, Coulter taking the lead directly, both swimming breast strokes. The tide running down at the time, necessitated a westerly course at first, Coulter taking a decided lead after the first half-dozen strokes. He took more "westing-by-northing" than the "Sheerness Pet," and seemed to lose by the steering of Mr. Jess; as, after an hour's swimming, Cooey, under the direction of Mr. Hulott, had apparently much the best of the race. The judgment of the Londoners' course was shown when he turned, Cooey having made a broad angle across the tide, while Coulter, more acutely, in a double sense, had at the latter part of the race the full swing of a strong wind and tide, against which he had made beautiful way in that style that has made his reputation as one among the very first class of swimmers. He won by thirty-five minutes, occupying one hour and three quarters in reaching the light-ship. The course that Coulter took was over at least half a mile more "ground," and therefore his absolute winning distance was nearly a mile. The condition of both men was very severely tested, the early part of the race, having been made by the winner more against the tide, apparently having affected him at the finish. In style there was the same comparison between the men as the "metropolitan polish" demonstrates in almost all athletic sports.

TWO SHILLING PRIZE GOLD PENCIL CASE. 2½ inches long, with a reserve of leads, real stone seals, rings to attach them to chain, and free by return of post for 26 stamps. PARKER, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. N.B.—The whole stock of watches and jewellery at a great discount; 3s. taken off every 20s., and 1s. 6d. off every 10s. purchase. Watch, clock, and jewellery price-list one stamp. The proprietor removing to Oxford-street. [Advertisement.]

THE POLISH OUTBREAK IN IRKOUTSK.

THE *Czas* gives the following account of the outbreak of the Polish exiles in Irkutsk, which it says it obtained from eyewitnesses of Galician origin:—

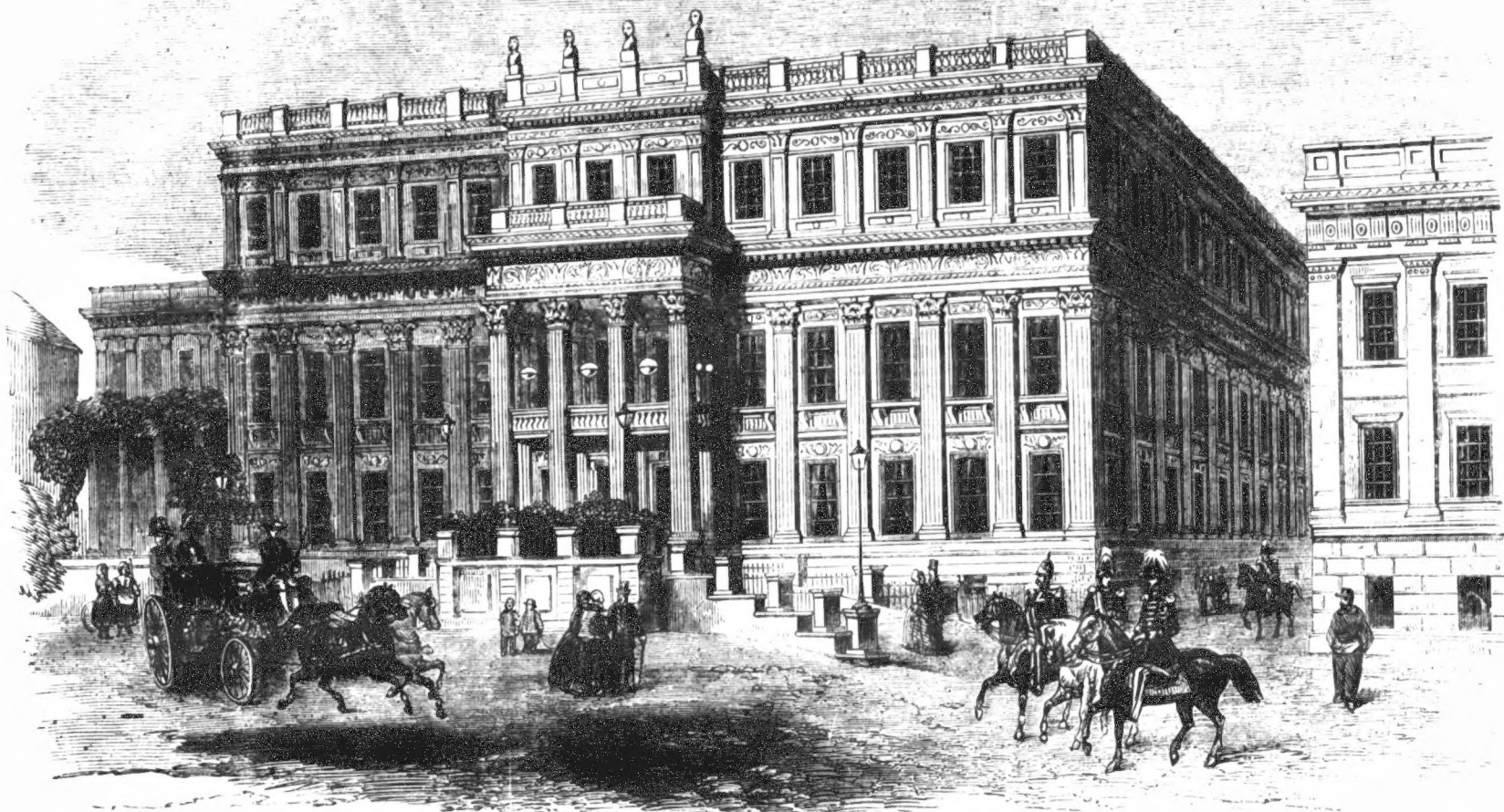
"One of the principal causes of the outbreak was the want of food. The provisions which were intended by the Government for the use of the exiles were misappropriated by the authorities. Epidemic complaints, the inseparable concomitants of famine, broke out amongst them, and several deaths took place. Remonstrances were made, but without effect, and despair then predominated. About 1,200 Poles, employed at Koustouk, on the Lake Baikal—a sterile and almost desert spot—being further irritated by a shocking corporal punishment inflicted unjustly on one of their number, gave the signal of revolt. On the night between the 20th and 21st of June they attacked the soldiers who were on guard, disarmed them, and bound those who resisted. The captain in command was killed, and Colonel Schatz was made prisoner. The Poles, provided with arms, ammunition, and horses, proceeded to the north-west, following the telegraphic line along the Baikal. The Russian convicts, who, to the number of about 3,000, were at work in a neighbouring district, having heard of the success of the Poles, rose likewise and massacred the troops of the garrison, consisting of 200 Cossacks and two infantry companies. Having armed themselves they joined the Poles. The native population also gave evidence of their long suppressed discontent. Believing that the hour of freedom had come they revolted and agreed to supply the Poles with provisions and horses. The military governor of Irkutsk despatched at once four infantry companies, a squadron of cavalry, and six guns, under the command of his aide-de-camp, in order to suppress the revolt. These troops having been enticed into an ambush in the midst of the dunes of Salanga, were surrounded on all sides, and after an obstinate and bloody encounter were almost entirely destroyed. The guns and ammunition fell into the hands of the Poles. The bodies of twenty officers and two colonels were brought into Irkutsk. The governor then collected all the disposable troops, and led them on the 27th of June against the insurgents by two different routes, one along the shores of the Baikal, and the other in the steamboats across the lake. The latter body succeeded in reaching the colony of Posolsk, and entrenched themselves in the convent. The Poles, finding themselves thus placed between two fires, resolved to attack the Russians in the convent in order to open the way to Nerchinsk and the Chinese frontiers. The convent was taken by assault and the Russians fled. The second detachment of Russian troops was attacked by the natives and forced to retreat. The Poles then continued their march towards China. The whole garrison of Irkutsk having been thus destroyed the Government ordered in the beginning of July an extraordinary levy in town and country. The entire Polish colonists in the country and in the Irkutsk have been placed in irons, and Colonel Levandowski was sent to the northern part of Siberia. Travellers who arrive from the district report that the insurrection is extending in every direction, and that the Poles are in arms at Nerchinsk."

DEATH FROM TETANUS.—A lamentable case of death from tetanus, or lockjaw, resulting from an apparently trivial injury, has just occurred at Silverburn, near Castletown, Isle of Man. The deceased, Mr. John David Wright, was a farmer occupying part of Silverburn Farm. About a fortnight ago he went into the country on business, accompanied by a friend from Castletown. When returning they called at a public-house on the Port St. Mary-road. While getting into the vehicle again, Mr. Wright came too near the horse, and received a slight kick upon the back of the hand. The injury was only a slight abrasion of the skin, and although Dr. Fisher was called in to dress the wound, not the slightest fear was entertained that it would be attended with serious consequences, much less terminate fatally. Mr. Wright was able for some days afterwards to attend to the duties of his farm, and on Tuesday week he attended the fair at Ballasalla, apparently in good health. Towards the end of the week, however, symptoms of tetanus manifested themselves, and after lingering for several days in great suffering he died. Mr. Wright was thirty-one years of age, and much respected by his neighbours.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. EDGAR.—The Presbyterian Church, not only of Ireland, but of every country in which that form of the Christian religion has established itself, will learn with extreme sorrow of the death of the Rev. Dr. Edgar, which took place on Sunday, in Dublin. The disease with which he was originally attacked was polyposis of the windpipe, upon which a heart affection supervened, which was, we believe, the immediate cause of death. The deceased had been several months under the care of Dr. Smyley, of Dublin, prior to his death. Dr. Edgar had done more perhaps than any other member of the assembly for the extension of the Presbyterian Church. During the last forty years fully seven or eight of the meeting-houses in Belfast have been erected by his energy; and throughout Ireland at least fifty of the houses of worship belonging to the Presbyterian Church owe their existence to his persevering efforts. *—Northern Whig.*

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM PRISON.—An old man, named Thomas Owen, upwards of seventy years of age, made his escape from Welshpool police-station under the following circumstances:—Owen had been confined in his cell for some time pending his examination before the magistrates on a criminal charge, and the officer, pitying him from his great age, let him out into the prison yard for the purpose of getting a little exercise. On going to look after his prisoner in the course of an hour the officer found, to his consternation, that the yard was tenantless. There was very little difficulty in tracing the means by which the old man had effected his escape. The yard is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, except where the cells stand, the roof of which is only fourteen feet high. Owen, it appeared, had taken the seat out of the corridor and placed it against the wall of the cell. He then tore a large nail out of the lid of the water-closet, and, standing on the seat, had driven the nail into the wall as high as he could reach. Holding on to this nail he had next scrambled on to the ledge of the cell window and thence on to the roof. Having gained the roof he was seen by a girl in the adjoining house crouching to walk along it to the back, and drop into her master's garden, the girl giving no alarm, as she thought it was some man employed in repairing the roof of the cell. Owen got clear away out of the town.

HORSE BEEF.—The Paris *Constitutionnel* announces that the police have just discovered in the Rue des Jardiniers a clandestine slaughter-house for horses, which daily passed its products on the market as beef. The commissary found under a shed a horse partly cut up and two others still living. A journeyman butcher found on the premises was arrested, and seals were placed on the doors.



THE EUROPEAN WAR.—THE ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN.

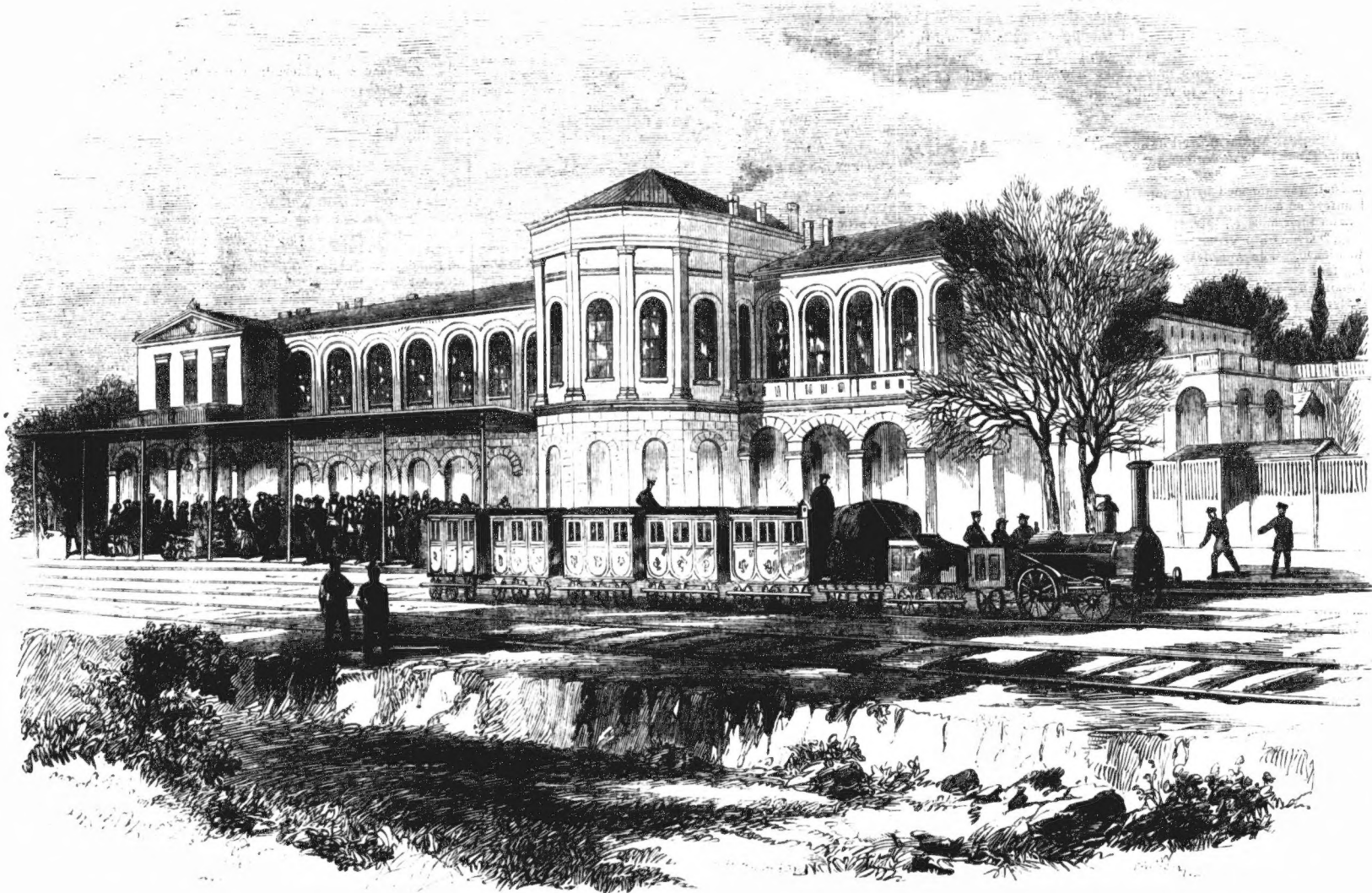
THE EUROPEAN WAR.

ALTHOUGH peace has been proclaimed between the European Powers lately at war, we still continue our illustration of places of interest in Prussia, Italy, and elsewhere. On this page we give two illustrations. One of them is the Palace of Prince Frederick

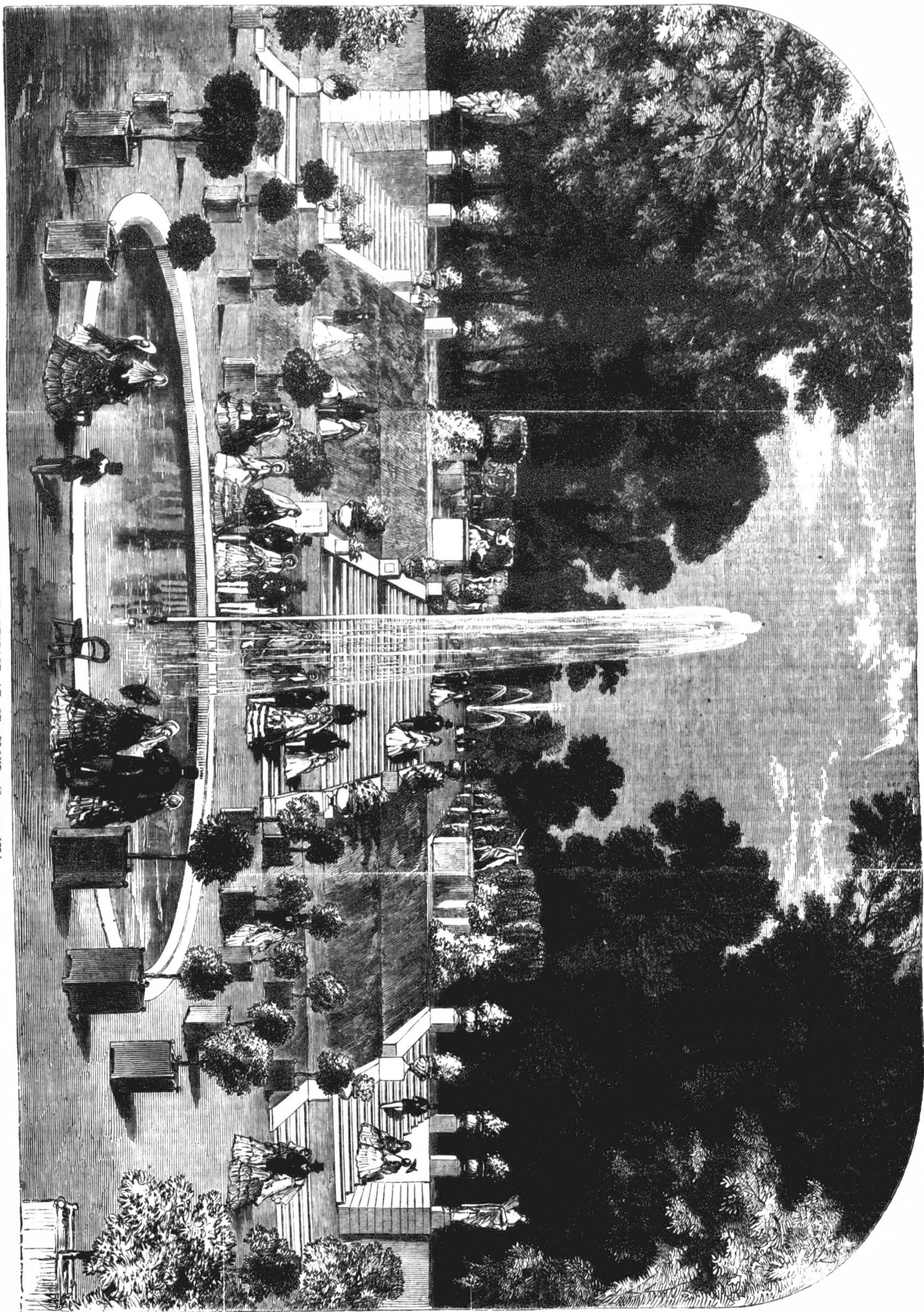
William of Prussia at Berlin, and the other is the Railway Station at Potsdam, situate about seventeen miles from Berlin.

The city of Berlin, the capital of the Prussian States, is one of the finest cities in Europe, and was founded about the middle of the twelfth century. It owes much to the taste and munificence of its sovereigns. The quarter called the New Town (Neustadt)

was built by the great Elector, Frederick-William, between the years 1640 and 1688. He also planned the Unter-den-Linden-street, and otherwise greatly enlarged and beautified the city. The succeeding monarchs, especially Frederick I, Frederick the Great, and the late monarch, have each added to the embellishments of the city by monuments, buildings, squares, suburbs, &c.



THE EUROPEAN WAR.—THE RAILWAY STATION AT POTSDAM.



THE PARIS FÊTES.—THE TERRACE AT ST. CLOUD. (See page 177.)

Among the principal buildings, the royal palace is highly imposing by its vast magnitude. It is sumptuously furnished, and in the White-hall, fitted up at a cost of £120,000, the Prussian parliament held its first meeting in 1847.

The Palace, Unter-den-Linden, in which Frederick William III resided, was left in much the same state for many years after the death of that monarch as it was at the time of his decease. It occupies an admirable position, being opposite to the arsenal, and with wide streets on either side. The palace itself contains a considerable courtyard. Shortly before the marriage of Prince Frederick William to the Princess Royal of England, it was presented to him by his uncle the King, and it has since undergone an extensive restoration, almost involving the rebuilding of the structure. We give an illustration of the exterior of the building, which, as will be seen, is decorated in a most elaborate style. Among the objects of interest which it contains is a museum of art, science, and industry; but the whole of the decorations and improvements of the interior are not yet complete. They are being proceeded with in the utmost taste. The Princess Royal herself has shown no little interest in them, and many of her suggestions have been carried out with the greatest care and attention.

Potsdam has been appropriately termed the Versailles of Prussia. It is a favourite royal residence; streets straight, broad and well paved; and the houses, though frequently small, and not very commodious within, have, for the most part, splendid fronts. It is encompassed by walls and palisades; has numerous gates and bridges, some of which are highly ornamental, and is divided into three parts, the old and new towns, and Frederickstadt. The most remarkable edifices are, the palace, a magnificent structure on the Havel, having attached to it a theatre, menagerie, and spacious stables; the church of the garrison, in which are deposited the remains of Frederick the Great; the church of St. Nicholas; the great military orphan hospital, &c. In the old market-place is an obelisk of red Silesian marble, seventy-five feet high, on a pedestal of white Italian marble; on the base are inscribed the names of the great elector and his successors. A large garrison is always kept at Potsdam, so that the barracks are very extensive. There is a lyceum, a military school, with various public schools of inferior note, and sundry literary establishments. There are, also, exclusive of the military orphan hospital, mentioned above, an infirmary, workhouse, &c. Potsdam was formerly said to be more of a barrack town than a town; but for a good many years past it has been distinguished in various branches of manufacture, such as that of silk, hardware articles, arms, &c. Being situated on a navigable river, communicating by canals, &c., with many large towns, and with the Elbe and the Oder, it has a good deal of commerce.

Potsdam is a very old town, having existed in the 8th century: it did not, however, become a place of any importance till the Elector Frederick William selected it for a residence, and began the palace. It was materially improved by the King Frederick William I, but, like Berlin, it owes its principal embellishments to the taste and liberality of Frederick the Great. In its environs is Sans Souci, the favourite residence of that illustrious prince, and the place where he expired, on the 17th of August, 1785. The new palace and the marble palace are also in its vicinity.

STATISTICS OF THE PENCIL TRADE.—The number of black lead pencils made in Keswick was computed for us at about 25,000 per week, that is, about 13,000,000 per annum. At an average length of seven inches, this would give us 1,436 miles of black lead and cedar—an original form of statistics, but quite admissible, we suppose. Some of these pencils are worth 48s. per gross, and some are sold as low as 1s. 6d. per gross, a sum we have mentioned at which they were sold for each before the era of machinery. The cedar annually consumed amounts to something like 12,000 cubic feet, and the yellow pine in due proportion. We could not ascertain the value of the plumbago that is annually consumed; but it is partly the produce of the Borrowdale mine and partly from Mexico and Peru. The number of hands employed, including men, girls, and boys, amount to 200, and their highest wages vary from 15s. to 20s. per week. The gross sum of wages actually paid amounts to about £4,000 per annum. The trade has doubled, or nearly so, within the last twenty years, and, strange to say, it began to rise just at the very time we might have supposed it would begin to fall—that is, when the Borrowdale mine was exhausted, and the local supply of the material had stopped. But the causes of this economical paradox are not far to seek; indeed, they lie on the surface. In the first place, the manufacturers, although resident in the neighbourhood of the mine, had been accustomed to the mineral being supplied from London; and, as the foreign lead began to come into the market at about the same ratio in which the Borrowdale lead began to disappear, they really never felt the loss.—*Builder.*

DARING ROBBERY.—On Saturday a daring and extensive robbery of jewellery was committed at No. 1, Southsea-terrace, Southsea, the residence of Admiral Talbot. The value of the jewellery stolen amounts to upwards of £1,000. The admiral's family left the house in the afternoon, and proceeded for a drive in the carriage, and on returning, about an hour afterwards, a case containing a large amount of jewellery was missed from the bedroom, as well as several rings, bracelets, &c., which had been left on the dressing-table. The servants, during the absence of the family, heard the dog barking; but they did not notice anything which created their suspicion. The most reasonable supposition is that the thief watched the family from the house, and then took the opportunity to gain admission into the house; but how this was done is at present a mystery, as the servants deny that any person entered the house while the family were absent. It is obvious that the thief must have been disturbed, as a gold watch and a valuable clock on the chimney-piece were not taken. The case in which the articles were carried away was found in a gravel-pit in Havelock Park, Southsea. It had been broken open, and all its contents abstracted, with the exception of an ivory fan. The thief must have been well acquainted with the house, and it is believed that the police are in possession of a clue which will bring the guilty parties to justice.

THE REV. H. BECHER ON THE LATE WAR.—The following is an extract from the discourse of the Rev. Henry W. Beecher, the first of this month, on the European war:—"Look at the nations of Europe to day. Two thieves went to rob a roost, and succeeded; but afterwards they quarrelled over the fowls that they had stolen. And it is very much so with these nations. They quarrelled over their ill-gotten spoils, and have gone to war. And this war in its last stage is, consistently with all the others, a war brought on by their own passions, and in punishment of their own greed. I sympathise with all three of the contestants. I sympathise with Italy more than either of the others, and as against Austria wholly; I sympathise with Austria more than Prussia; and I sympathise with the Prussian people more than with the Austrian people. It is exceedingly inconvenient to be on three sides at once! but so it is."

Theatricals, Music, etc.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Morgan Smith, the American coloured tragedian, made his first appearance in London at this theatre on Saturday evening last as Othello. Mr. Smith is a native of Philadelphia, of middle height, and of a deep brown complexion, with black piercing eyes, and has a countenance expressive of dignity, animation, and power. With the exception of Ira Aldridge, Mr. Morgan Smith is the first of his race to seek the honours of the dramatic profession. He has already appeared in the provinces with success as Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard the Third, Shylock, and other leading parts. He is a good actor, his attitudes being graceful, and his movements free and natural. His delineation of the Moor must be pronounced clever, and in some parts very effective. He displayed considerable skill and energy in the exhibition of the rising of jealousy in his bosom when Iago first endeavoured to kindle that passion within him. His elocution has many good qualities, but it is not of the highest order of oratory. His acting throughout the final act, though evincing the possession of great histrionic skill, and indicative of careful study, did not, in our estimation, rise to the highest standard of impersonation of the impassioned Moor. Mr. Morgan Smith was frequently and warmly applauded, and he received this mark of encouragement with great modesty, after the manner of an artist who seems to be painstaking and serious in his labours. Mr. Charles Horsman performed the part of Iago in a remarkable free, easy, and natural style. Mr. Maclean was an excellent Brabantio; Mr. Soutar was a gay and amusing Roderigo; while Cassio was ably personated by Mr. Craig, as was Ludovico by Mr. T. B. Bennett. Mr. Walters represented the Duke; Mr. Rivers, Gratiano; Mr. Collins, Montano; and Mr. Cowdery, Antonio. The part of Desdemona was performed by Miss Emma Barnett with an appearance of artless simplicity and an aspect of innocence and truthfulness which was quite bright and pleasing. Miss Atkinson, who was cordially received, sustained the character of Emilia with efficiency. The tragedy was followed by The Four Mowbrays, in which Master Percy Roselle sustains four characters. The ballet d'action, The Nymph of the Wood, retains its position in the programme. There was a good house, and the people seemed to be pleased with the talented dark debutant.

ADELPHI.—Mr. J. L. Toole, the popular comedian at this establishment, took his annual benefit here on Wednesday evening last, when the comedy of "Paul Pry" was revived, in which Mr. Toole represented, for the first time, the inquisitive hero. A new farce was also produced, entitled, "Keep Your Door Locked," in which Mr. Toole played the principal part, and the burlesque opera of "Helen; or, Taken from the Greek," concluded the programme. The house was crowded; Mr. Toole was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the performances all passed off with spirit.

THE THEATRES have offered very little attractions requiring special notice. London is now out of town, and, as a consequence, the majority of the principal theatres are closed.

THE SURREY THEATRE will open for the season on Saturday next, September 8th, with the T. P. Cook prize drama of "True to the Core."

MIDDLESEX MUSIC HALL.—The out-door manager, Mr. Smith, takes his annual benefit here on Wednesday evening next. He has a rare list of talent, including Harry Sydney, and no doubt, as usual, the hall will be crowded.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—All the arrangements for the forthcoming Worcester Festival (the 143rd meeting of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses) are now completed, and the cathedral and college hall are being prepared. The great orchestra in the cathedral is nearly built. Every one of the 15s. tickets for reserved seats in the nave on the day of the performance of Handel's "Messiah" is taken, and on all the other mornings a much larger number of seats has been secured than was ever known at any previous meeting of the Three Choirs. The popularity of these festivals has, in fact, been increasing yearly for many years, and the Worcester Festival of 1866 will no doubt be the largest in point of attendance of any of its predecessors. The principal vocalists engaged are—Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN will play Constance, in "King John," on the first night of the season, at Drury-lane Theatre.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—It had been intended that the ballad concert on Monday afternoon should be the last this season, but it having been attended by upwards of 17,000 persons, one more will be given in the week following the Worcester Festival, about the 20th of September. Upwards of 120,000 visitors have attended the series given this autumn at the Crystal Palace.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with their faithful associate, Mr. John Parry, brought their successful season to a prosperous termination on Saturday last, when "The Yachting Cruise" and "The Wedding Breakfast" were given for the last time. These popular entertainers, who have done so much to enliven the London season, have maintained for some months an undiminished popularity, and their welcome at those provincial towns which they may take on their autumnal tour will be heartily given by all who can enjoy artistic attainments of a rare and most refined description.

MR. BOUCAULT's new drama, called "The Long Strike," will be produced at the Lyceum Theatre on the first night of the winter season, early in October. The author and Mrs. Boucault have two homely and most effective characters to represent, and report speaks very favourably of another great success.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Norfolk and Norwich Fifteenth Triennial Festival is fixed for Monday, October 29, and four following days, and the arrangements are now nearly completed. The aid of a strong body of principals has been engaged, including Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mdlle. Sinico, sopranos; Madame de Meru Labache and Mdlle. Anna Drasdil, contraltos; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Morini, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, tenors; and Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss, and Signor Gassier, basses. A cantata, entitled "St. Cecilia" (expressly composed by Mr. Benedict for the festival), is to be produced. Mr. Benedict is the conductor.

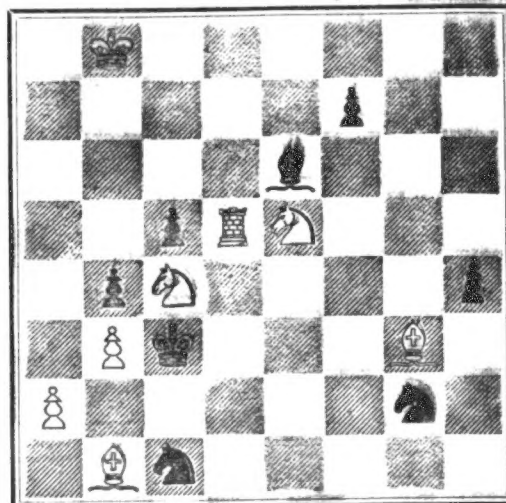
MR. SOTHERN.—This gentleman has received a beautiful Epergne, value nearly £200, subscribed by his friends, as some slight recompense for the annoyance he lately had to endure from his Spiritual persecutors.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Books, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings—Liste free. 29, Minories, London.—[Advertisement.]

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 379.—By T. SMITH, Esq.

Black.

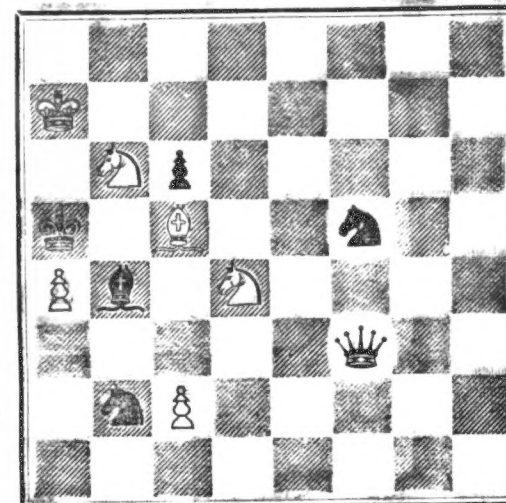


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 380.—By R. H. WORMALD, Esq.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

Game between Messrs. I. O. H. Taylor and another amateur.

White.
Mr. I. O. H. Taylor.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. Castles
8. Kt takes B
9. Q to Q Kt 3
10. B to Q R 3
11. P to K 5
12. Q takes Kt P
13. B takes B
14. Q takes Kt (ch)
15. Kt to Q 4
16. K R to K square (c)
17. Q R to Q square
18. Q to Q 7
19. R takes Kt
20. Q takes R (ch)
21. R takes P
22. B takes P (ch)
23. Q takes Q, mating

Black.
Amateur.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. B takes P
5. B to Q R 4
6. P takes P
7. B takes Kt
8. P to K 2
9. Q to Q 3
10. B to K 3 (b)
11. Q R to Q B square
12. Q takes B
13. K to B square
14. Q takes P
15. Q takes Kt
16. Kt to K 2 (d)
17. Q to K B 3
18. Q takes R
19. Q takes R
20. Q to K square
21. P takes R, best
22. K to Kt square

(a) This second capture is generally disastrous. The proper move is P to Q 3, or K Kt to B 3.

(b) Evidently a slip.

(c) All this is very cleverly conceived.

(d) Had he retired the Queen to Q Kt 3, White might have replied with R takes Q P, winning easily.

AN AFFECTIONATE NICE.—The wife of a merchant was walking a few days since in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine when a young girl about thirteen threw herself on her neck, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear aunt!" The lady released herself from the embrace, telling the child that she was mistaken. "Ah!" said the girl, in a sorrowful tone, looking attentively at the lady, "I see I have made a mistake!" and she went away as if to hide her confusion. Not long after the lady missed her purse, and all at once the idea struck her that the child might have taken it. She accordingly returned, and after considerable search discovered the child in a wine-shop with her father and mother. They were all arrested, and the purse was found on the mother.—*Galignani.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known; it is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

BRUTAL ASSAULT ON A POLICEMAN.—Peter Hook, 19, a drummer, belonging to the Scots Fusilier Guards, John Cracknell, 22, a sailor, and Maria Robinson, 20, a prostitute, were charged before Mr. Alderman Abbiss (who sat for the Lord Mayor) with violently assaulting Ambrose Aboey, 810 of the City police, while in the execution of his duty; and the two last-named prisoners were further charged with stealing the constable's truncheon. The complainant, who appeared with his head bound with surgical bandages, was first called, and deposed that at half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday night he was on duty in Lower Thames-street, when his attention was called to the prisoners, who were having an altercation on the pavement. During the row he endeavoured to induce them to leave, when they committed the assault in question. The constable was cross-examined at some length by the prisoner Hook, who attempted to elicit from him that he had used his truncheon before the prisoner had recourse to his belt, but that was emphatically denied by the constable. The evidence of the constable was fully corroborated. Mr. Alderman Abbiss said that the present charge was of a very serious character, and might have had a fatal result, for a soldier's belt, used as it had been, without doubt, on this occasion, was a very dangerous weapon. It was lamentable to see a soldier guilty of an assault upon a police-constable, who was only doing his duty, as the prisoner Hook must have well known, and but for his drunken obstinacy the outrage would never have occurred. He (the alderman) hesitated whether he ought not to send Hook for trial, but, looking at the character he had received from the sergeant of his regiment, the sentence upon him was that he be imprisoned, with hard labour, in the House of Correction for the term of one calendar month. On Cracknell the sentence was fourteen days' imprisonment, with hard labour, and the female prisoner would be discharged with a caution. Hook entreated the alderman to impose a fine in lieu of imprisonment, but Mr. Alderman Abbiss peremptorily refused to do so, adding that the police must be protected in the proper execution of their duties.

BOW STREET.

"HYDE-PARKING" THE POLICE.—Edward Price was charged with being associated with others in assaulting Mr. Woods, a barrister, with intent to rob him, and also with stealing his umbrella. Mr. Woods on his return from spending the evening at Primrose-hill had stopped to look at the great fire in Bloomsbury, and was hustled in the crowd by the prisoner and others. They knocked him about a good deal, "bonneted" him twice, and felt in all his pockets. He fought with them gallantly, and prevented them from stealing his purse or watch and chain, the latter being in his pocket, where he had put it before entering the crowd in order that the sight of the chain might not tempt anybody to rob him. The prisoner snatched at his umbrella, and with the help of his companions pulled it away from the prosecutor, who, however, retained the handle, the stem having broken in the struggle. The handle, with a portion of the steel stem remaining in it, formed a rather formidable weapon, with which Mr. Woods so "prodded" the nearest of his assailants that several of them were glad to make their escape. Carvel, 130 E, who witnessed a considerable portion of the fray, called out to the prosecutor to encourage him, but had much difficulty in coming to his assistance, owing to the obstruction afforded by the mob, who hauled him and the other constables roughly, crying out, "Give it them—give them Hyde-park." Ultimately he secured the prisoner, and, by the help of 538 A, removed him to the station-house. The prisoner was remanded for further inquiry.

A STICK OR A STRAP.—Richard Green, conductor to one of the omnibuses of the London General Omnibus Company, was charged with assaulting Michael Madigan, a labourer. Mr. Beard, solicitor to the company, appeared for the defendant. Complainant stated that at about half-past eleven on the previous night he was returning with his wife, his brother, and two friends, from the Regent's-park, where they had spent the afternoon and evening. At the corner of Tottenham-court-road and Oxford-street they hailed the defendant's omnibus, which was going towards Mile-end. The defendant refused to take them, alleging that witness and his brother were drunk. He insisted upon getting on the omnibus, and defendant struck him on the head with a strap. He supposed that there was a buckle on the strap, for his head was cut open and bled profusely. The passengers desired the coachman to drive to the station-house, and he did so. The conductor wanted to give witness in charge, but as witness's head was bleeding the inspector took his charge against the conductor. In cross-examination by Mr. Beard, the witness contradicted himself on several points, first alleging that he was perfectly sober, then admitting that he had been drinking, then returning to his first assertion, making similar variations in his statements as to his brother's sobriety or the contrary, and ultimately denying and admitting that the passengers attempted to keep him from getting on the omnibus. His brother partly corroborated him, but he also equivocated on the question of sobriety. Two of the passengers stated that the complainant and his brother were both drunk and very violent. They attempted to force their way on to the omnibus, to the alarm of the passengers, who fully believed that had they succeeded in mounting the vehicle they would have flung them (the passengers) off. One gentleman struck him on the head with a stick, with which, and not with the strap, the wound was inflicted. The complainant denied that any of the passengers struck him. Mr. Flowers said it was quite clear complainant and his brother were drunk, and the conductor was quite right in refusing to let them ride. Whether the wound was inflicted by the conductor with a strap, or by a passenger with a stick was immaterial. When a man was committing a riot he had no right to be very particular as to the weapon with which he was repulsed. The defendant was about to make some remarks, but Mr. Flowers said there was no necessity for another word; it was quite clear defendant was in the right, and the charge must be dismissed.

CLERKENWELL.

MORE DEATHS FROM CHOLERA IN ISLINGTON FROM OVERCROWDED DWELLINGS.—INFLECTION OF THE FULL PENALTY.—William Brereton, the occupier of the premises No. 4, Frederick-place, Caledonian-road, Islington, was summoned for having his house so overcrowded as to be dangerous or prejudicial to health. Mr. Layton, solicitor and vestry clerk to the parish of Islington, said that these proceedings were taken under the provisions of the Sanitary Act which came into operation during the present month, and as this was a very bad case, and as the defendant was a man

of means, and could not plead that he allowed the overcrowding through distress, he should have to ask for an immediate order for the suppression of the nuisance complained of, and also an order for the payment of costs. There had been a death from cholera in the house, and yet the defendant allowed the evil complained of to remain, and that, notwithstanding that he had been served with the statutory notices to do away with the nuisance. Mr. William Mayes said he was sanitary inspector and inspector of nuisances on behalf of the vestry of the parish of St. Mary, Islington. On the 22nd instant he received information that a death from cholera had occurred at the defendant's house. Upon examining it he found its condition to be as follows:—The premises generally very dirty, the drains untrapped and stopped, the pan being half full of excrement, the cistern filthy dirty, and without a cover; and, in addition, the house was much overcrowded, containing (with two rooms empty) seventeen persons. There were four families, one of which, consisting of seven persons, lived in the first floor back, the measurement of which only allowed 120 cubic feet of air for each, whilst the lowest average allowed for each was 300. He at once disinfecting the drains and destroyed the pan which had been used in the cholera case, and served notices upon the owner of the property to cleanse and disinfect the house. Dr. Ballard, medical officer of health for Islington, said that the house was in such a state as to be dangerous and injurious to health. Mr. Layton, in asking for the infliction of the full penalty, said that it was positively cruel to allow young children to be huddled together and to be made to breathe such a fetid atmosphere; it injured them for life. He also drew the attention of the court to the 36th section of the Act which provided that if two convictions for overcrowding occurred within three months, the magistrate had authority to close the house. The defendant said he had now got rid of some of his lodgers, and would clean the house. Mr. Barker said he considered this a very bad case, and fined the defendant 40s. and costs. The fine and costs were at once paid.

WORSHIP STREET.

A LITTLE GIRL CHARGED WITH ARSON.—Martha Read, a neatly-dressed and innocent-looking girl, between 13 and 14 years of age, was charged on suspicion of setting fire to a dwelling-house in the occupation of James Judge, a parchment and paper dealer in Pittfield-street, Hoxton. Prosecutor said: The prisoner is a servant in my employ. This morning about seven o'clock she came to my bedroom and told me that the house was full of smoke. I ran down stairs and found smoke coming from the cellar. I went to the door and called "fire!" I then went up stairs, washed my face and dressed myself, and went down again. The fire had been extinguished, but presently there was another cry of fire, and the fireman called me upstairs, where I found two dresses of my wife's hanging on a door partly burned. I should state that before the prisoner came to me and spoke about the smoke I heard the oil cloth in the passage moved. Sergeant Watts, N division: Last Friday fortnight the back part of the same house was discovered to be on fire, and therefore a fireman was present on this occasion, being in charge of the premises, taking care of the salvage. The former fire was at the rear of the premises. Mr. Cooke: Is it known how that fire originated? Watts: No, sir. Mr. Cooke: Was the house insured? Watts: Yes, sir, in the "World." The fireman in charge of the premises deposed: I have a room at the rear of the house for my accommodation, while taking care of the salvage. About seven o'clock this morning I heard an alarm of fire from last witness. I found it in the cellar and put it out. Almost immediately afterwards there was a cry of fire on the second floor. I ran up and extinguished that. Two dresses hanging as described were alight, a piece of brown paper that had been lit was lying on the floor. I saw no person there; had left the prisoner clearing up my room. Watts: She told me that on going in for the bottle she found the room full of smoke. She gave the alarm. Her mother is present. The mother came forward and said: I have questioned her, but, sir, she denies all knowledge of it, and she has never complained of either her master or mistress. Fireman: The matter is so suspicious that the gentlemen belonging to the fire office are, I believe, about to have a full investigation. Mr. Cooke: Well, it is certainly a very extraordinary matter. Do you, prisoner, wish to ask any questions or say anything? Prisoner: No, sir. Mr. Cooke: Can you procure bail for your child. I must remand her. Where is your husband? The mother: He is at Forest-hill, building a church, sir. I could get bail directly if he was at home, and I'll try without. Mr. Cooke: Well, I will take two sureties in 10l. each, or one in 20l. The girl burst into tears on finding that she was to be locked up, kissed her mother, and was removed to the cell.

THAMES.

A BURGLAR'S CONFESSION.—Robert Fisher, a shoemaker, aged 20, was charged, on his own confession, with stealing from 32, High-street, Wapping, on the 10th July last, a number of tea, dessert, and table spoons, cruet stands, and other plate, valued at 20l., the property of Emily Head. Prosecutrix had been staying with her sister at the Mission-house, and deposited a basket of plate there. She went into the country on the 2nd July, leaving the prisoner's mother, who was a mission woman, in care of the premises. On returning on the 21st July, it was found that the Mission-house had been broken open, and the plate stolen. No clue was found to it till the previous Friday afternoon, when the prisoner accosted Constable 464 A, and gave himself up for a burglary and robbery. He then said that he and a man named Howard went to High-street, Wapping, and having watched his mother out to get the supper beer, Howard went in and whistled, and then he went in, and they hid till all were gone to bed, when they seized the plate and put it in their pockets, and went out by the front door. The prisoner then stated the various pawnbrokers where he and Howard had pledged the plate for various sums, and some of the stolen property was produced. The prisoner was remanded, and the police directed to make a rigid search for Howard.

SOUTHWARK.

CHARGE OF CHILD-DROPPING.—On Monday, Edward Clarke, a respectable-looking young man, under-butler in the service of Lord Justice Knight Bruce, of Roehampton, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with concealing the birth of a newborn female infant, supposed to be the offspring of one of the housemaids. Mr. Henry Allen, the prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women and Children, was present on behalf of the society, and Mr. Palmer, from the office of Mr. Chipperfield, defended the prisoner. Mr. William Dyke, one of the inspectors of the South-Eastern Railway, said that he was on duty on the platform of the

North Kent line about twenty minutes to eleven on the previous Saturday, when he saw the prisoner enter the station with a bundle under each arm. He asked witness to get him a ticket for Woolwich, which he did, and on his return to the platform he observed something covered with blood protruding from one of the parcels. The witness accordingly followed him to the railway train, and saw him throw the first parcel on the seat. At the same time the bundle he had on his arm seemed to tremble, and he heard a faint cry. The witness asked him what was in that bundle. The prisoner replied, "Oh, nothing." The witness told him that he had just heard a child's cry, and wanted to know what that meant. The prisoner said, "Oh, that's nothing; it's all right; it's only a child." The witness asked him how old the child was. He replied, "Oh, not very old." The witness then asked him where the mother was, when he said he was going to take it to Woolwich, and begged him to let him pass. The witness called another inspector to the spot, and on unwrapping the bundle in his arms a new born infant was discovered. It was wrapped in a piece of red flannel, and then covered with a cambric handkerchief and a black shawl. A female passenger who happened to be near looked at it and pronounced it to be only a few hours old. The prisoner was then asked the age of the child, when he replied that he believed it was about a fortnight old. It had no clothes on. It was first wrapped up in a piece of red flannel, then a black stuff shawl, and over that a wrapper. The shawl covered the whole body, but there was a cambric handkerchief over the mouth. He did not see the face of the child when he heard the cry. It was enveloped in the shawl. As soon as the wrapper was undone a woman came and looked at the infant, and told him that it had just been born, and expressed her surprise that the prisoner should be in the possession of so young an infant. The child is alive, and in very fair health. It is now in the care of a nurse attached to the workhouse. The prisoner refused to tell what he was going to do with the infant, or to give his name and address. Afterwards he said it was his wife's child, and he was going to take it to his wife's sister, at Woolwich, to nurse. The witness then called in a police-constable, and the child was removed to the workhouse while the prisoner was taken into custody. Police-constable 258 M, and Sergeant Frazer, the acting-inspector at the Stone's-end Police-station, gave confirmatory evidence that the infant was his. His wife had just been delivered of it. Witness cautioned him that whatever he said might be used against him. He then said that his wife was in the service of Lord Justice Knight Bruce, at Roehampton, and that it was their child. He also said he was going to take it to his wife, at Woolwich. Witness then took him into custody, and sent the child to the workhouse. Mr. Thomas Evans, the divisional surgeon, next called, said he saw a female infant newly born at the station-house. It had been born, perhaps, within two or three hours. It was a well-developed child, healthy looking, and appeared to have been washed after birth. There had been great neglect. In answer to Mr. Woolrych, the witness added that by their neglect the child's life was in danger. Mr. Woolrych remanded the prisoner.

GREENWICH.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ELOPEMENT AND ROBBERY.—Charles Lalraier Dubois, about 40 years of age, of 6, Somerset-place, Rotherhithe, was placed in the dock, before Mr. Traill, charged with stealing a quantity of articles of household furniture, value £25, the property of Mr. J. W. S. Slocombe, druggist, of Schofield-place, Schofield-street, Birmingham. The case excited considerable interest, the wife of the prosecutor, who had eloped with the prisoner, being present in court, with her three children. During the examination she appeared greatly incensed against her husband, and frequently smiled to the prisoner. Mr. John William Samson Slocombe said: In August of last year he was a passenger, with his wife and family, on board the City of London steamer, from New York. The prisoner was also a passenger on board the same steamer, and was represented on the voyage as being a political refugee from the Southern States of America, and in a very destitute condition. He (prosecutor) had married his wife in South America, and had left England for the purpose of bringing her and his family home. They had taken great interest in the prisoner, and after their arrival at Liverpool the prisoner had called upon them, by invitation, at their temporary lodging, 10, St. Paul's-square. The prisoner then ascertained that they were about going to Birmingham to live, and afterwards found them out at an hotel at which they were staying in that town, subsequently becoming an inmate of the house he took in Schofield-place, Schofield-street, Birmingham. About a fortnight since he came to London to receive some money from his solicitors, which he gave to his wife, who arrived in London three days after him. He gave her the money (a cheque for £160) on her returning to Birmingham, she desiring him to remain in London and seek a business. Four days afterwards he returned to Birmingham, and was surprised to find his house closed, his wife and children absent, and the furniture removed. From inquiries he ascertained that the goods had been taken away in a railway van, his wife and the prisoner assisting in their removal. He had since seen a portion of the property (produced in court) taken from a house at Rotherhithe, where he found his wife and children. Inspector Warren, B division, said from information given by the prosecutor, the prisoner was apprehended on the Deptford-road, Rotherhithe, while out walking. Whilst the prisoner was being taken to the station, witness went to the house, 6, Somerset-place, Rotherhithe. He there saw the prosecutor's wife, and inquired of her whether Mrs. Parker lived there? She replied, "Yes," and asking if she was Mrs. Parker, he told her her name was Slocombe, that Mr. Parker (the name the prisoner went by) was in custody, and that he had come after the proceeds of the cheque for £160 which her husband had given her. The wife replied that the money was nearly all spent. Witness noticing a large trunk in the parlour, went to it, and asked what it contained, when she replied that the trunk belonged to some one in America. She afterwards took the keys of the trunk out of her pocket, opened it, and put her hand into a corner. He then took hold of her hand, and from it he took a purse, containing a Bank of England note for £100, and four half-sovereigns, as also an agreement between the landlord of the house and Mr. Parker, and some pawnbrokers' duplicates. Mr. Traill having ordered the prisoner to be remanded. The prosecutor inquired whether he could not claim the custody of the children, as he considered his wife a most improper person to have charge of them. Mr. Traill said there could be no doubt the prosecutor had a legal right to take charge of the children. The prosecutor's wife here became so violent in her language, declaring that the children should not be taken from her, that by order of the magistrate she was removed from the court. Inspector Warren said the wife was a most violent woman, and had taken up a poker to attack him and her husband, but the poker was wrested from her. The prisoner was then removed in custody.

THE PRUSSIANS ENTERING TRAUTENAU.

This illustration on this page represents one of the most painful incidents of the late war. On the Prussians entering Trautenau the inhabitants fired upon them from the house-tops, and retaliation was taken on a terrible scale. The Prussians shot and bayoneted about forty persons, and of course soon became masters of the place.

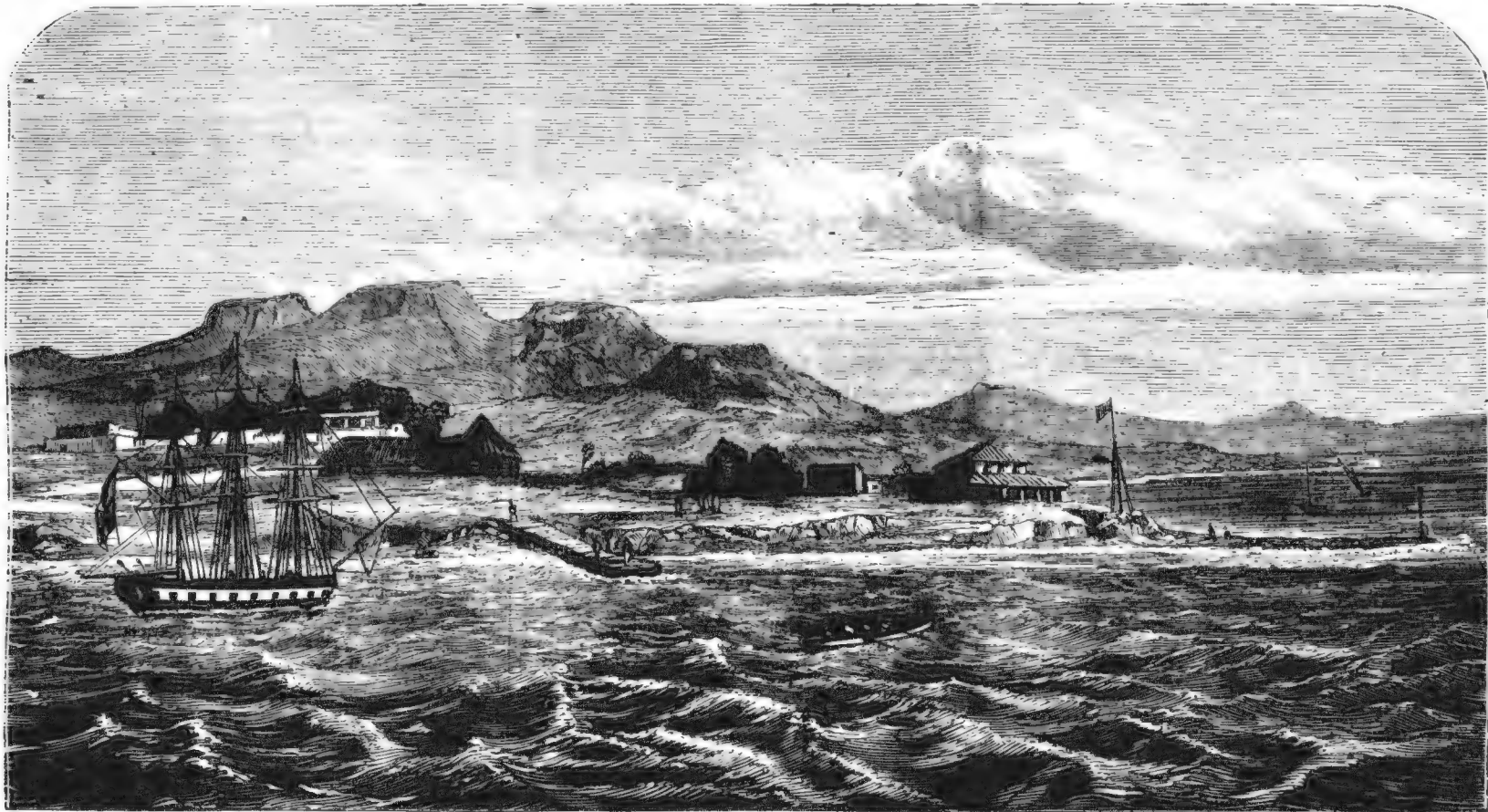
BREECH-LOADERS FOR THE ENGLISH ARMY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Times* thus:—"As compared with the Prussian needle-gun the efficiency of the English breech-loader is nearly four times greater in all that relates to accuracy of aim or rapidity of fire, while as regards the safety and ease with which the breech mechanism is worked it is beyond any degree of comparison. There are eight distinct movements of the breech required to load and fire the needle-gun—there are only four necessary in Mr. Snider's. Seven rounds per minute have been fired from the English breech-loaders, and the average, it is believed, will be ten. One of the great objections to the use of these weapons was the reason alleged that the men would fire away their ammunition so fast that almost every other man would require a special tumbler for his own supply. It is a curious fact, however, that as far as our military authorities have yet been able to ascertain, the Prussian soldiers in the recent great battles do not appear to have used a single round more of ball cartridge than the Austrians. In fact, in some cases where the Prussians achieved decided successes, their expenditure of small ammunition was actually stated to have been lower than what would under similar circumstances have been looked for as likely to occur with our own troops while using muzzle-loaders. The Prussian fire, in fact, seems to have been short and decisive, and never having been commenced but at the proper moment, and then with a rapid and devastating effect, to have carried all before it. The argument, therefore, as

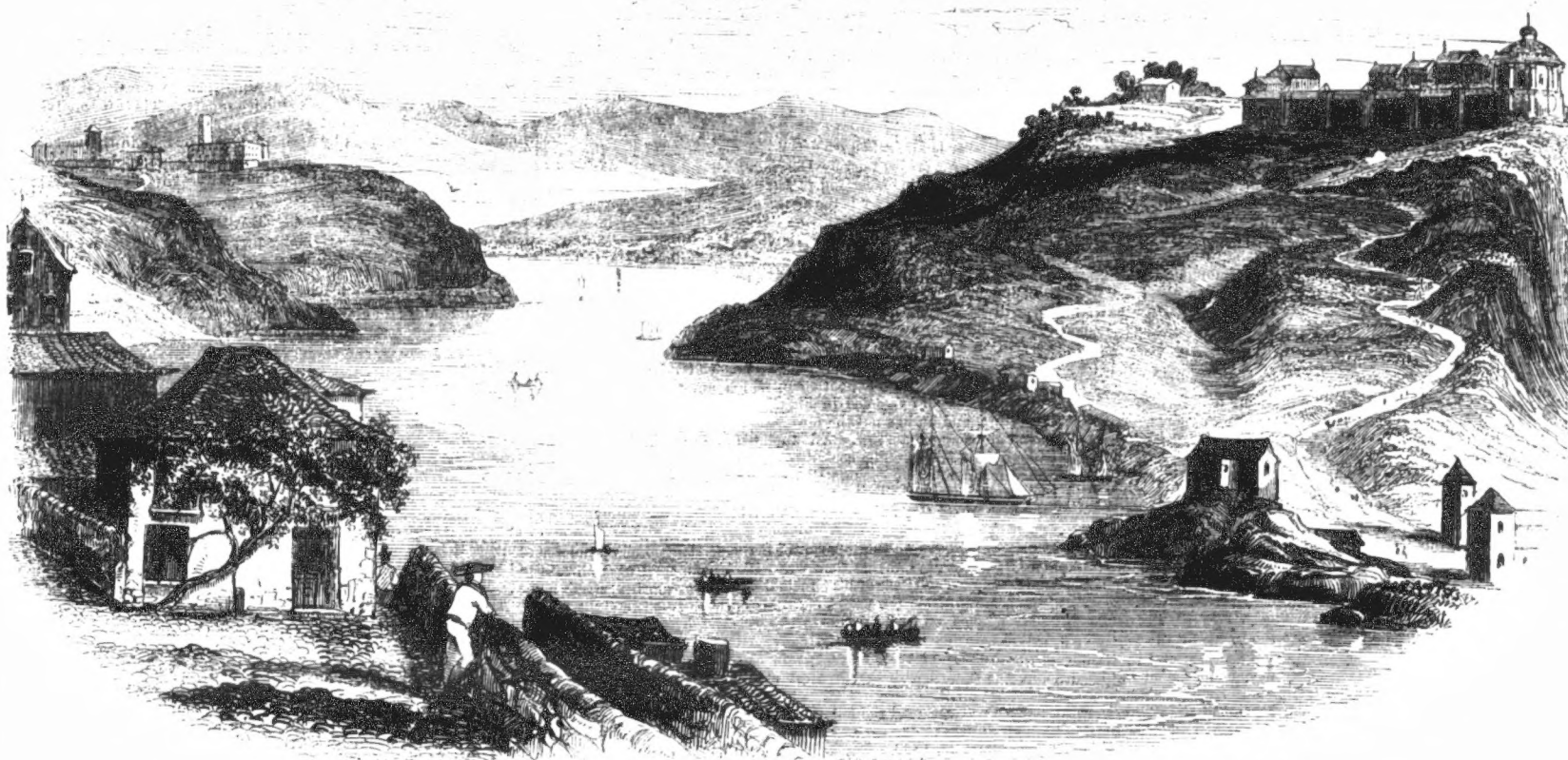


ENTRY OF THE PRUSSIANS INTO TRAUTENAU.

to the wasteful expenditure of ammunition becomes absolutely worthless, if the military statistics of the Prussians are to be relied on, and they are the only nation that have ever used breech-loaders in their army, and used them, too, with an effect which has astonished all Europe. If breech-loaders only superseded the necessity of capping the guns they would effect an immense improvement. The present weapon of Mr. Snider has been tested in every way in which it is possible to test an invention of the kind. It has been tried with gas to ascertain leakage, with the strongest charges of powder; it has been left out under water and to rust, both loaded and unloaded, and in no one instance has it yet been found to fail. Three targets 'made' with three of these trial weapons actually gave a mean deviation of only little over four inches, at a range of 500 yards. So, too, the brass-coated ammunition is a great improvement from its strength and water-proof protection. Of course, neither soldier nor civilian thinks of putting his ammunition into water for five or six hours before using it, but it is at least a comfort to know that in the event of such an unpleasant contingency happening it might occur to these cartridges without in the slightest degree affecting them. Any one who knows how careless soldiers in the field are of their cartridge boxes, and how frequently they are left out in the rain and always more or less exposed to damp, will appreciate the value of even the most temporary water-proofing for cartridges. One brigade, at the battle of the Alma, was rendered almost defenceless through numbers of the men getting their cartridges wet while fording the river. No less than 40,000,000 rounds of this improved ammunition have been ordered, and, as we have said, 250,000 breech-loaders have been more or less commenced upon, and both guns and cartridges will all be ready by the 1st of April. This is a fact upon which we can most sincerely congratulate the country, and General Peel deserves every praise for the energy and industry with which he has acted in the matter."



BASSADOR, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PERSIAN GULF. (See page 100.)



VIEW ON THE BANKS OF THE DOURO. (See page 190.)

Literature.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

SPRINKLE! rain! shower! right down on Millie Warner's tasteful little hat, and graceful shoulders unprotected save by a thin shawl, notwithstanding the beseeching glance of the prettiest pair of hazel eyes that ever looked up to a cloud in that way. The inexorable, stony-hearted thing just poured out its deluging treasures without minding them the least bit in the world!

Now, Millie wasn't afraid of a shower, unless there was thunder and lightning; but she had quite a regard for her pretty hat, which was not two weeks old, and did hate dreadfully to have it spoiled. Besides, she knew—vain little girl—that it was exceedingly becoming. Her glass told her that; and Squire Johns, the lawyer of the village, had whispered to her just the same, looking at her very admiringly all the while. It was too, too bad! And out came Millie's handkerchief, which she threw over the hat, just about half covering it. She drew it off the next moment and laughed. As if in such a deluge a handkerchief could do any good: she said to herself, "How could she be so silly!"

Millie, not so very wise yet, tried next to run away from the shower, but in her haste ran into several mud puddles, thereby wetting and muddying the pretty little feet in a perfectly scientific manner.

She walked quite leisurely after this, saying, philosophically, "As my hat is spoiled already, there can be no use in hurrying. I am neither sugar nor salt."

Nevertheless, when Millie came to a large white farm-house, she very gladly, and rather hastily—for just then there was a heavy peal of thunder—opened the gate and went up the flower-bordered path to the house, and knocked for admittance. Nobody answered; and, as another peal of thunder was heard, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, Millie entered without further ceremony. She took in at a glance the contents of the first room she came to—a large square room, plainly but neatly furnished—the cane-seat chairs, the pretty chintz-covered lounge, book-case filled with books, and a centre-table also filled with books and sheet-music; the violin in its case in the corner, the vases of faded flowers, and the few ornaments on the mantel. There was no one there; but she heard childish voices in the next room, and again knocked. A dark-eyed girl of ten or eleven years opened the door.

Millie explained why she was there. With the ease and good manners of one much older, the child bade her welcome, placed a chair near the fire, and took Millie's dripping hat and shawl.

"I was just beginning to get dinner, that was the reason I didn't hear you knock. It will be a long time before the shower is over, and you must stay with us to dinner. It will be ready by the time Ben comes; but that will not be for half or three-quarters of an hour."

"Es, dinnee'll be weddy when Ben turns," lisped and laughed a little girl of three years.

The elder child, whose name was Hetty, resumed, "I can't get a very good dinner, I ain't quite old enough; but Ben says I do nicely. He puts it on for me, and I see to it. But he does not allow me to take off kettles, for fear I will burn or scald myself; but I think I am large enough to do that. I'd like to have everything ready for him to eat when he comes in tired and hungry. I can't make biscuit—I wish I could, for Ben likes them ever so much; but Martha, who comes in to make bread for us, says she will teach me."

"Where is your mother?" asked Millie of the little Eva, when Hetty was out of the room.

"We is got no mudder but Ben," lisped the little one.

When Hetty came back, Millie said, "Now I have got nicely warmed, and my dress will dry just as well at work as sitting

still; so I will help you get dinner. If you like, I will make some biscuit, and we will have dinner ready in a very short time."

Hetty was delighted. Ben would be glad. Might she look on and learn?

Millie was young, frank, and gay, and she and the children soon became very well acquainted over the biscuit. She said presently, trying a potato with a fork, "The potatoes are done. I will pour the water off so, then put them on again to get dry. That will make them mealy. In a few moments we will peel them, and then dinner will be all ready except taking it up."

The dinner seemed very meagre to little Hetty as she ran over the items in her mind—potatoes, peas, pork, biscuit, butter, cucumbers, milk, water. She had wanted to make tea for her visitor; but she had declined decidedly. The poor child said, apologetically, "When father and mother were alive, we used to have a good many things for dinner, and Martha, our hired girl, used to get them all; but when they died and Squire Johns said he had bought a mortgage on our farm, and that we had got to pay every shilling the very day it was due, or lose everything, we had to do without a good many things, and are very poor now, and Ben is afraid we can't get enough to pay it, and they all say we need expect no mercy from Squire Johns, for he is very hard to the poor, and he has always wanted our farm, because it joins some of his own land where he wants to build. I heard all about it when one of the neighbours was talking with Ben, though he didn't want me to know anything about it."

Millie had listened to this with a curious mixture of feelings, for Squire Johns was a declared lover of hers, and though she had not yet accepted him, she had been both pleased and flattered with his attentions, and had certainly given him encouragement. Moreover, he was to receive his final answer in three days from that time, and she was not at all sure that the answer reserved and laid away for that time was "No."

True, Millie was not in love with him, but she had waited so long in vain for that ecstatic state of feeling she had heard and read so much about, that she was quite decided that she was not capable of love, and that to like any one was as much as she could reasonably expect.

But she certainly liked Squire Johns as well, if not better, than any one, and his love must certainly be disinterested, for he could not know that—But now Millie stopped. Could he not? Might he not have found out some way? If this story were true, would such a man be likely to marry a poor girl? For Millie Warner was really an heiress in a small way. She was sole inheritor of a fine unencumbered farm from her father, and five hundred pounds in bank stock. But the farm was a thousand miles from this village, where she was visiting a cousin, and nobody knew of it, and during her visit she had helped her cousin in her work as she had always helped her mother when she was at home—capable, industrious little girl that she was.

This story agreed with things she had heard hinted at, but only hinted at, and even that the next moment smothered over, for Squire Johns was a rich and influential man, and people could not afford, without some good reason, to lose his favour. She remembered them all now. Could he be in reality such a grasping man?

She could judge better about the truth of the story when she had seen Ben. Who was Ben? Two or three inquiries had amounted to nothing. The children spoke as if everybody must know who Ben was. Was he an uncle, cousin, hired man, or what? Evidently somebody very old, by the way Hetty spoke of him. Whoever it was, what would he think of her intrusion? But she couldn't help what he thought, and she shrugged her shoulders as she looked out at the still-pouring rain.

Young Ben Hazwell, out in the field, pitched up the last hay on the load, leaned his pitchfork against a tree, and took off his straw hat to cool his moist forehead. His gaze followed the hay-cart—went over the broadlands, and returned.

"The hay is all gone in," he said, with a long breath of relief. "I could not afford to lose even one load now. I didn't know that I can do it; but if I can sell part of the land I may. It will be a hard pull through."

There was the noise of carriage-wheels, and he looked towards the road. His brown face darkened as he looked.

"I could perhaps have got an extension of time if that villain had not got the mortgage in his hands; and, dastardly rascal, who makes it his business to rob and defraud the poor and the fatherless, he may take this farm; he will if he can; for he has been manœuvring for it a long time; but he shall have it with the soundest horsewhipping that ever a man had. Twice, thrice the number of strokes of the united years of my tender little sisters; and my arm is strong." And he looked after the carriage with his hands clenched.

"My two years at college did me but little good. If I could have finished, and got a profession, or had a good trade, I should not be so helpless, if the worst comes to the worst. But I won't look on the dark side."

The young man followed the cart into the barn. The storm was at its height when he went towards the house from the back way. He stopped in surprise, as he saw through the window some one standing at the table, with arms bared to the elbow, mixing flour. It must be Martha. No; those fair, white arms are not Martha's; neither hers the slender, graceful figure. As he came nearer, he could distinguish the sparkling, piquant face. She was laughing and talking with Hetty, and evidently giving her the directions for what she was making. Hetty was gazing up at her eager and absorbed. Little Eva was sitting at the table in her high chair, working at a piece of dough.

"A tate for Ben." It was as black as her soiled little fingers could make it; but it did not occur to Eva that that could be any objection. It was a pretty, pleasant sight in his long desolate home; and he stood there unconscious of the pouring rain, eagerly gazing at this fair young stranger, himself a picture of manly beauty, till the voice of one of the men calling to the oxen awoke him from his reverie.

By-and-by there there was a spluttering of water heard in the next room, by Hetty.

"Ben has come!" she exclaimed, running and opening the door. "Ben has tum!" echoed the little one, clapping her hands and tripping, as he came in, bright and smiling, what she had in store for him, "I is made a tate for oo, I is."

He caught her up in his arms and gave her a kiss, while she laughed and shouted; but his eyes were seeking the stranger.

Hetty said, prettily, "My brother Ben;" then, to him, "This lady got caught in the shower, Ben, and is stopping till it clears up. She has been so kind as to help me to get dinner, and has made some splendid biscuits."

They both stood mute a moment, she with surprise at the real Ben, young, handsome, and well-bred—he with admiration, and a strange, new feeling he could not define. He had hardly bade her welcome, with a return of his self-possession, when there was a loud rap at the street-door. Hetty went to the door, came back pale, and whispered to Ben, "Squire Johns!"

Millie drew quickly back from the half-opened door. Ben went in to his visitor, closing the door after him; but every word was distinctly heard by Millie, for Squire Johns did not speak in the low, suave tone she was accustomed to hear him, but loud and peremptory.

"I am in haste, young man; I just stopped to say that the time for the payment of the money due to me being the day after to-morrow, if it is not ready I shall be obliged immediately to resort to severe measures."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young man, in a surprised and excited tone; "you are very much mistaken. It is not due till the 28th, and it is now but the 18th. At that time, if I sell the piece of land, which I partly expect to do, I hope, with some other money coming in, to be able to pay it."

"You are labouring under a singular mistake, young man. Here is the mortgage, and you can see for yourself that it is the 18th."

"Let me see it."

The figures danced upon the page. He passed his hand over his eyes and calmed himself with a great effort. He grew ashy pale as he read.

"It reads so certainly, but I cannot understand it." He went to a desk. "Here is a note my father made of the circumstance, and it is the 28th, and he was a very sure, methodical man, and would not be likely to make a mistake that might be fraught with very important and evil consequences to him. I believe"—a sudden suspicion coming into his mind, as he detected a lurking triumph in Squire Johns' eye,—"I believe that there is some villainy about this matter, and that you are at the bottom of it," he exclaimed, excitedly, fixing his eyes firmly upon the lawyer, who changed colour in spite of himself.

"Be careful what you say, young man, as you may get yourself into trouble," angrily.

"Yes, sir, I believe that you are a base villain! I remember that you are the lawyer who made out the mortgage at the time, and know that you have been aching for years to get hold of this property. If there is justice in law you shall be exposed!"

"In the meantime, you had better have the money ready," said he, coolly and insultingly.

"That is impossible, as you know. You knew very well I could not raise so much money in two days when you made your diabolical plans."

"Then you know the consequences."

"And what is to become of my young sisters?"

"I neither know nor care. That is your look-out."

The young man strove to repress his passion yet.

"Squire Johns, by the 28th I can pay this debt, I expect."

"That will do you no good. It must be ready by the 18th, or I take possession. I might have shown you mercy but for your insinuations. Now, none."

"That is false, villain! and you know it! You never showed mercy in your life. You have won your ill-gotten wealth by robbing the widow and the fatherless. If you take this property, may every penny bring you a curse with it, now and evermore! But while it is in my hands I'll kick you from it, you dastardly scoundrel!"

The Squire was a small man as well as a coward, and while he was being ignominiously ejected from the house by the angry and excited young man, Hetty was crouching down close to Millie, pale and frightened; Eva was sobbing in her lap. And Millie—it would be difficult to describe her feelings.

Ben did not come into the room for some time afterwards. When he did, he looked haggard and aged, and was passing through hastily, as if to escape notice, when Millie, business-like and straightforward little girl as she was, began, "Mr. Hazwell, I want to talk with you a few minutes. There would be no use in pretending that I haven't heard what you and Squire Johns have been saying, for I have heard every word. I think I know of some one who can help you; but first, may I ask you a few questions?"

Ben, at first, looked displeased and haughty; but her kind, straightforward manner disarmed him. He bowed assent.

"What is the amount of this mortgage?"

"Five hundred pounds and interest," was the brief reply.

"What is the total value of the farm?"

"My father valued it at a thousand pounds."

"Are there other mortgages?"

"None."

"Very well; I am quite positive I know some one who can loan you the money. I am Millie Warner. Call upon me to-morrow at my cousin's, Mrs. Sandford's."

Ben's dreams were strangely mixed up that night with mortgages and hazel eyes. The next day was a long time of suspense and anxiety, and early in the evening found him at the Sandfords, where he was received by Millie herself.

The next morning, accompanied by a neighbour, he called on Squire Johns.

"He was at breakfast," the servant said.

An angry light shone in Squire Johns' cold, grey eyes when he heard who was his visitor.

"How dare he come here? I warrant, though, the chap isn't quite so high and mighty as he was the last time I saw him. Humble enough this morning. I will hold out hopes of mercy until he grovels and begs my pardon—grovels low as he laid me, and then I'll be revenged. To-morrow, this splendid farm, added to my other property, and the possession of Millie Warner's hand and fortune, will make me a rich and happy man indeed. But the fellow is waiting. I will tantalize him to his heart's content."

He went leisurely into the other room.

"You are early this morning, young man. I conclude you have come to pay the money," he said, ironically.

"That is my errand," replied Ben, coolly.

Squire Johns started back, aghast and thunder-struck.

"Do you mean to say you have raised the money?"

"I do; and I have brought Mr. Foster to prove that it is all right. There is five hundred pounds. We have each counted it. There is the interest. Now I will take up the mortgage, Squire Johns."

Livid, and trembling with passion, Squire Johns was compelled to yield the mortgage, and execute the usual release.

"Now, Squire," said Ben, "I have one word more to say: Don't you ever dare to set foot on my land again, or I'll kick you off. Mind that. Nor ever dare to speak to me again. I don't know such rascals as you!"

"I'll have satisfaction of you!" And the Squire literally foamed with passion.

"Have it, and welcome," replied Ben, coolly, "as long as you haven't got the farm. Come, Foster."

There was no trace of the violent passion to which the Squire gave free license, when, the next evening, he drove up to Mr. Sandford's. He looked happy and smiling. There was a queer little smile on Millie Warner's face as she saw him through the closed blinds. It was a little ominous that he was compelled to wait in the parlour alone five, ten, fifteen minutes. Still more ominous that she came in at last, distant and unsmiling. Still, he could hardly believe he heard aright when, to his suit, she gave a prompt, uncompromising "No!" He urged; she was firm. He threatened; she flashed out, brave and indignant, something of what she knew and felt, and spurned him and his suit with scorn and loathing.

"Such a threat to a girl is worthy of you! of a piece with your conduct to the Haznells!" she ended.

"O the Haznells! What do you know about them? Perhaps you were the one who loaned the money to them?"

"Yes, it was I. I went in there for shelter from the storm. I heard it all; every word."

The Squire muttered curses, low and deep, but Millie did not remain to hear them. She only saw him ride away, with that same queer little smile on her face.

Squire Johns rode a long distance out of his way, six months after, to avoid a wedding-party just returning from church—Ben Haznell and Millie, his wife—which he came very near blundering upon.

A SHOCKING STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

THE case of Captain John Casey, formerly master of the ill-fated ship *Jane Lowden*, was brought under the notice of Mr. Partridge, at the Thames Police-court, on Monday, and a new and extraordinary fact was made known in connexion with the wreck of the *Jane Lowden*, the sufferings of her captain, and his marvellous preservation. Eight ships, some of them new, and all of them timber laden, sailed from Quebec for England on the same day. They were manned by 160 men, all told, and not one of these ships reached England. They all foundered in the same gale, and Captain Casey is the only survivor of their crews. Since his arrival in London he has been living with his sister-in-law, at No. 6, Janet-terrace, immediately behind the Thames Police-court, in a state of extreme debility and suffering. He is under the care of Mr. Daniel Ross, a surgeon, in the Commercial-road, who is of opinion that a cure may yet be effected, but it will be a very long one. Captain Casey intends to join his wife and family at Padstow, in Cornwall, directly he is in a fit state to be removed. Unfortunately he is without funds. The Marquis Townshend raised a subscription for the unfortunate gentleman which amounted to £20, and this has been all expended in his maintenance. He is now quite destitute, and he has not the means of providing for his wife and five children at Padstow. An application to the underwriters at Lloyd's has failed. The committee have no funds that can be applied to the relief of Captain Casey. At the same time, the committee expressed the deepest sympathy. A gentleman, in bringing the case under the notice of Mr. Partridge, said it was one of the most extraordinary and marvellous on record. Captain Casey was thirty-three days on the topmast of his water-logged ship, and for twenty-eight days of that time was without a morsel of food. He only weighed forty-eight lbs., including his wet clothes, when he was removed from the vessel. All his crew perished in sight, and were washed off the tops. He was rescued by the crew of the Dutch ship *Ida Elizabeth*, and conveyed to Helder, where he remained under medical treatment in an hospital eighteen weeks, and was treated with the greatest care and kindness. He is disabled for life.

Mr. Partridge read the following narrative, forwarded to him by Captain Casey:—

"August 27, 1865.—Sir,--It is with feelings of deep regret that I am compelled to ask you to use your great influence in my behalf. The following few particulars will show you that I am not asking this of you without necessity:—I was captain of the ill-fated ship *Jane Lowden*. I sailed from Quebec on the 28th of November, 1865, with a cargo of timber, bound for Falmouth. On the 21st of December, in a heavy gale of wind, the ship became water-logged, the hull being completely buried by the sea, which compelled myself and my crew to take to the maintop for refuge. On the following day, in a violent squall, the ship was thrown on her beam ends, with her masts flat in the water, washing myself and the whole of my crew, seventeen in number, overboard. Nine of them at once met with a watery grave; the remaining seven and myself, after a hard struggle, succeeded in getting on to the wreck. The ship, after lying one hour and twenty minutes in this position, again became in an upright position; but to our sorrow, when we again ascended to the maintop we found all our provisions washed overboard, with the exception of eight biscuits, which were divided between us, which we made to last until the 25th, that being the last day that we tasted food of any description. Between the 25th of December and the 13th of January I saw my seven companions in misery starved to death with hunger by my side. The last one that died lived eighteen days without food of any description. Ten days more had I to remain by myself in that awful position, until I was ultimately taken off the wreck, on the 23rd of January, by the barque *Ida Elizabeth*, after remaining there thirty-three days, twenty-eight of which I never tasted food. I was taken to Helder, in Holland, where I remained in hospital eighteen weeks, suffering amputation of some of my fingers and toes, which incapacitates me from following the sea. I have a wife and five children living in Padstow, Cornwall, whom I have not seen since my wonderful preservation. Any assistance you may render will be thankfully received by your obedient servant, JOHN CASEY, No. 6, Janet-terrace, Arbour-square, Stepney."

Mr. Partridge said he deeply sympathized with Captain Casey, and was sorry to hear that he was destitute. If the benevolent came to the assistance of the unfortunate gentleman, as he hoped they would do, could he go into any business?

The gentleman who acted as the advocate for Captain Casey, was afraid not. Five of the captain's toes and some of his fingers had been amputated, and he was a helpless cripple. He had been deeply pained at witnessing the sufferings of the unfortunate man.

Mr. Partridge.—It is a very heartrending case, and I hope something substantial will be done for the sufferer. I will award him two sovereigns from the poor-box fund. I am sorry it is not in my power to do more.

SHOCKING CASE.—Mary Harwood, aged 11, and Sarah Harwood, aged 11, sisters, and who resided at 17, Mary's-place, Hampstead-road, were charged at the Marylebone Police-court with the following brutal assault upon Martha Stroud, aged eight years. Mr. Allen of the Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women and Children, attended to watch the case. Mr. Lyell (second clerk) asked if the child was present. The mother: No, sir. Mr. Lyell: Why have you not brought it? The mother: It is in such great pain that it cannot stand or walk, so I could not bring her here. Mr. Mansfield: Is there any medical certificate to state the nature of the injuries? Police-constable 240 S said there was not. Mr. Mansfield: Is the doctor here? Constable: No, your worship. He said he would not attend unless summoned. Mr. Lyell (second clerk): Haven't you got any witnesses of the assault? Constable: Yes, sir. Mr. Lyell (second clerk): Then why don't you make them stand forward? Louisa Harvey, a little girl, said the prisoners got the girl Martha Stroud into their house. The eldest got a stick of wood and injured her with it in a most outrageous manner. The younger prisoner placed her hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming. She managed to get home, and her mother took her to the station-house. Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner till Monday next, and directed a summons to issue against the doctor.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Give flowering plants extra attention, by keeping the straggling ones within proper limits, removing dead leaves, seed-pods, &c. Continue to propagate bedding-out plants. Pot or transplant carnations. Plant old stock pinks from pots into borders; also pot seedling polyanthus, and offsets of choice sorts of tulips.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Clear the ground as soon as possible from exhausted stock, root up weeds, and manure the ground well; then get in cabbage, cauliflower, and other spring crops at once. Make a small additional sowing of lettuce to remain in the seed bed. Thin spinach to six inches apart. Tie up endive for blanching, and prick out from the July sowing. Thin turnips, and protect from slugs by sprinkling soot or lime in the morning.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue to gather and store apples, pears, &c., on dry days. Go over vines, as advised last week.

VIEW OF BASSADOR.

BASSADOR, which was originally presented to the English by the Imam of Muscat, is situated on the Island of Kishm, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf. It is the station for our Indian navy in that quarter, and contains a residence for the commodore and other officers, and a hospital for seamen in the company's service. There are besides a few huts for fishermen, and for those natives who supply the bazaar. The harbour of Bassador is convenient for shipping, capable of harbouring a large fleet, and well sheltered from the violent winds that blow in the Persian Gulf.

Our engraving will give a good idea of the appearance of Bassador. On the point of land to the right is the commodore's residence, distinguished by the flagstaff. The dark building in the rear of the jetty is the hospital; and the low house of two storeys, on the extreme left, is the dwelling of a well-known contractor for provisions, called *Cadda*.

The island of Kishm, on which Bassador is situated, is seventy miles in length and twelve in breadth. It is surrounded by several smaller islands, and has on the east side a capital which boasts of some rude fortifications.

VIEW OF THE RIVER DOURO.

THE Douro is one of the principal rivers of Spain and Portugal, through the north part of both which it flows. It rises in the Sierra. At first it runs south-east and then south to near Soria, but thence onward its direction is generally west, through the kingdoms of Leon and Portugal to its mouth in the Atlantic. From near Miranda to beyond Torre de Moncorvo, however, it flows almost due south-west, forming the boundary between the Spanish province of Salamanca, and the Portuguese province of Trás-os-Montes. It afterwards separates the latter province and Minho from Beira. It runs for the most part through deep and narrow valleys; its bed is generally narrow, and its current very rapid. It is, however, navigable as far as San Joao de Pesqueira, about seventy miles east by north Oporto; and since the wine company of the Upper Douro have partially removed some obstacles that existed at that point, it has been rendered available for flat-bottomed boats as high as Torre de Moncorvo, 100 miles from the ocean. It has a bar at its mouth, and its navigation is liable to be seriously affected by freshets, or sudden swellings, occasioned by rains, &c., to which it is so very subject. Soria, Aranda-de-Duero, Toro, and Zamora in Spain; and in Portugal, Miranda, San Joao de Pesqueira, and Oporto, are situated on its banks. Sixteen stone bridges cross it at various points, besides which it presents numerous fords. At Oporto a bridge of boats connects that city with its suburb of Villa Nova on the opposite side.

Our engraving gives a view of the Sierra Convent, with a zig-zag path leading up to it from the river.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—This spacious building has been taken for the Metropolitan and Provincial Working Classes Exhibition and Industrial Festival, which will be inaugurated on Monday afternoon next. A chorus of 1,000 voices will assist in the opening ceremonial.

A COOL HUSBAND.—About eleven o'clock on Saturday night a woman named Neally, who kept a huckster's shop at 18, Birchfield-street, Manchester, committed suicide. She had been quarrelling with her husband in the early part of the evening, and after threatening to put an end to herself she had made two unsuccessful attempts to do so by means of hanging. On these occasions her husband cut her down, and then he went out, leaving his wife alone. He returned about eleven o'clock, and found her once more hanging by the neck, and, without cutting her down, he proceeded in search of a policeman. Meantime the people in the neighbourhood went into the house, but when the unfortunate woman was taken down it was found that life was extinct. Under the circumstances, the police felt justified in taking the husband into custody.

SINGULAR RECOVERY OF A STOLEN COAT.—A wretched looking elderly woman, who gave the high-sounding name of Elizabeth Marchant Mortimer, and stated that she resided at Bayswater, was charged at the Worship-street Police-court with stealing a coat. Francis, 423 K, said that he found the prisoner, at two o'clock in the morning, lying drunk on the ground near St. John's Church, Bethnal-green, and by her side the coat in question. At the station-house she, when sober, claimed the coat as her own, alleging that her son, who had that day gone to sea, gave it to her. Inquiries respecting the garment, which evidently was made for a gentleman, resulted strangely enough by a card found therein, that it had been stolen from a Mr. Meggs, timber merchant, in the Kingsland-road, who, on seeing it, immediately felt in the pockets, apparently with some anxiety, but not anything was there, and he then mentioned that on taking it off a few hours previously, and hanging it up in his counting-house, there was safe in one of the pockets £5 worth of silver in a leather bag. Certainly, he never expected to look again on either one or the other, but as the coat had turned up so unexpectedly, there might be some probability of the money being there also. He had not missed it until requiring to put it on. The constable said that he produced the coat as he found it, and the prisoner now protested that she had not the slightest knowledge how she became possessed of it. She had not any son at sea, and it was her private opinion that some person had plundered the article, and then placed it by her side that suspicion might fall on her. The woman, who appears to be unknown to the police, was, at the request of Sergeant Dillon, remanded.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacturing, Ipswich. [Advertisement.]

Varieties.

Why is the letter A amphibious?—Because it is found both in land and water.

A VERY PROPER REMARK.—“So it seems,” as the young lady observed to the sewing machine when she put the work before it.—*Fun*.

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?—Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

A DRUNKARD, upon hearing that the earth was round, said that accounted for his rolling about so much.

A MAN advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds, “that it will be profitable to the undertaker.” We have no doubt that it will.

INFORMATION WANTED.—“A meat salesman” writes to say he hears there is a book called “The Goblin Market,” and wishes to know whether it refers to Leadenhall or Newgate.—*Punch*.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF OTHERS.

A most striking case of disinterestedness came under our observation the other day. A gentleman complained to us of headache, and said it was produced “by drinking Irish whisky.” We told him our private opinion was, it served him right.

“But,” said he, “I did it for the benefit of others. I knew if my companion drank it all he would get drunk and abuse his family, so I drank what he offered me, leaving him just enough to make him good-natured.”

We gave it up at once, and resolved to chronicle the fact as a remarkable instance of self-denial, for the benefit of a fellow creature and his family.

REASONS WHY LADIES SHOULD NOT SHOP ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Because it is tantalizing to young men who are fond of the river to be handling watered silks.

Because it is hard on young men and women who would like to be at the Crystal Palace, listening to music, to have their attention confined to lute-string, and their thoughts busy with hand-boxes.

Because it would be a pleasure to see the cheeks of the girls in the cloak department mantle with the glow of health (fast colours).

Because it is better for young men, who are cricketers, to be minding the balls of their wickets than the balls of their employers, and far more agreeable to them to take part in a “tie” (both sides alike) than to tie a scarf.

Because the shop-walkers may occasionally prefer a country lane to a *crepe laine*.

Because it is pleasant to be shown English meadows than to be showing “*Sicilian lawns*.”

Because if you detain young women “*matching*,” you may prevent them making a good match elsewhere.

Because it is aggravating to young men who are rifle volunteers to be answering questions about shot silks, giving replies concerning drills, and producing “*Garibaldi*” for inspection.

Because too much of the shop may in the end bring on counterpane.

Because if it is to be all work and no play, any idea of enjoyment in life becomes mere—*illusion*.—*Punch*.

A REFRIGERATOR.—An American paper says the coolest specimen of impudence of modern times is a recent speech of the bottled hero of Big Bethel (Butler), who declares that he was “impoveryished by the late rebellion!” This declaration can be guaranteed as a capital substitute for ice. Let all who read it cut it carefully out of their newspaper and use it as a refrigerator where ice is not to be had. We have pasted the speech up in our office, which has a Southern exposure, and we expect to wear winter clothes and keep up a fire during the summer months, if it remain where it now is.

CLEVER RATS.—An amusing dodge of some rats at one of the minor theatres is related. The man who had charge of the lamps, finding that his oil had diminished very rapidly, watched for the supposed thief. After waiting in silence for about an hour, about a dozen rats successively made their appearance. Some six or eight mounted on each other's backs, so as to enable one to reach the top of the oil-can. The orifice was very small, but the uppermost rat introduced his tail into the oil, and descending, allowed his accomplices to lick the oil which the tail had imbibed. The *tale* is literally a strange one, but the truth of it is affirmed by the *Epoque*.

THIS SIDE UP.—We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage. So we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused “*This side up*!” &c., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake. “Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?” “Every one broke,” suddenly. “Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!” “Did you put on ‘*This side up*,’ as we told you?” “Yes, I did; an’ fur fear they shouldn’t see it on the river, I put it on the bottom tow—confound ‘em!”

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN A COAL-PIT.

THE savants of the British Association held their annual meeting at Nottingham. Six excursions, making provision in the aggregate for the amusement or instruction of close on 1,000 members and associates, started from Nottingham in the course of the other afternoon. The parties were thus divided; the figures, however, are in some cases approximate only, and short of the actual numbers who started. To view the extensive coal-pits at Nuthall belonging to Mr. North, 250 proceeded. To inspect the abbey and grounds of Newstead, formerly the residence of Lord Byron, 100. The newly-opened collieries at Annesley were visited by a party of fifty. The extensive works at Eastwood of Messrs. Barber and Co. attracted 200 visitors; 100 others went to view the extensive iron and coal works at Alfreton and Riddings, belonging to Messrs. Oakes and Co. Finally, a party, 250 strong, proceeded to Derby, to inspect the extensive engineering works of the Midland Railway Company, for the construction and repair of locomotive engines, &c. The various excursions started in special trains furnished by the Midland Company, whose locomotives had their chimneys, in honour of the day, one and all wreathed in the semblance of floral pillars. At various points along the line where it was more convenient for passengers to alight than at the ordinary stations temporary platforms were erected, and, both in going and returning, every precaution to ensure the comfort and safety of the travellers was adopted. A practical body like the British Association always comprises within its ranks many, if not an actual majority, of those whose sympathy lies more with to-day than yesterday, with whom present evidences of the wealth and industry of the country outweigh traditions of departed worth or genius. For these, accordingly, mines and factories were the chosen points; and probably, all things considered, there was no more successful or enjoyable excursion than that which availed itself of Mr. North's invitation to descend the Nuthall coal-pits. Arrived at their destination, the ladies of the party (the mine not being one that they could conveniently explore) were taken to view some objects of interest in the neighbourhood, while the gentlemen were conducted to the large shed, where the preparatory operation of dressing for the descent was performed. Here every gentleman found awaiting him a white jacket, such as pastrycooks use, with a towel, viewed by some as an encumbrance at first, but the use of which became apparent on their return to the surface. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the change which came over the excursionists at this point. Individuals who had entered the shed as men of letters, with a grave exterior, or possibly as light-minded and gaily-dressed associates, came out units in what looked like a clumsy gang of workmen, with every imaginable kind of head-dress, composed some of pocket-handkerchiefs, some with towels, some with rolls of brown paper pinned together with a nail, and there were not a few to their fantastic head gear had added leggings of extraordinary fashion. A few, despising jackets apparently, reversed their coats and wore the sleeve linings inside out, but whether the result was altogether satisfactory is a matter which may fairly be open to some doubt. The party thus attired and further provided with short sticks, not without their use in passages of small height, then mustered at the mouth of the pit. Up and down like buckets in a well, two cages used in lifting coal were alternately ascending and descending, and into this it was necessary for half a dozen members, eight being the maximum allowed under any circumstances, to crowd themselves like cattle in a railway truck, receiving on all sides exhortations to keep in their hands, their elbows or their sticks, any one of which would certainly have received an awkward blow unless withdrawn. Some of the workmen and their families were admitted to a near view of the excursionists. They kept for the most part at a respectful distance, and did not suffer their remarks to be too audible; but it was easy to see that they were tickled at the inartistic way in which men with great names in science submitted to an operation—to them a matter of everyday occurrence. The disappearance of a party of your friends or acquaintances into the shaft of a mine is not a reassuring sight. Down they go with the celerity of a disappearance in a pantomime, and with this difference that you can watch first their heads, then some white object in the cage, finally the top of the cage itself getting less and less distinct, and then everything is enveloped in darkness. Literally, the earth has swallowed them up. Before long, however, it is your own turn, and you find yourself standing on an iron bar—for there is no actual flooring to the cage—holding by another bar above your head, and wedged in with some six or seven fellow-excursionists, going—you cannot tell where. The word is given, and you vanish from daylight as if in the grasp of one of the Hartz Demons. To be candid, the first sensation in descending a coalshaft is not a pleasant one. It is like that first sensation of the horrible nightmare when, in imagination, you fall from a lofty cliff. But almost before there is time to determine what the feeling is it has passed, and a counter sensation of rising sets in, which continues until the bottom of the pit is reached. 220 yards—from the mining point of view—is a shallow point; but by the time that distance has been traversed your legs are a little unsteady, and it is with a start that you creep

out of the cage, and find yourself on *terra firma* in the midst of what looks like an incantation scene. In a sombre arched vault, with all the white jacketed passengers who have preceded you either standing round with lamps in their hands or else lighting up distant portions of the tunnel, it is only when you find somebody putting a lamp into your own hand that you recover consciousness and get a connected idea of what is to happen next. What did happen was an advance of the whole party towards a range of empty coal waggons, with clean boards for the visitors to sit upon, and as soon as all were mounted this was set in motion towards the engine-house. The Nuthall Colliery is one of the most extensive in England, having, it is said, four miles of underground communications. A powerful engine, centrally placed, works the trains of waggons by means of an endless rope running along the ground midway between the rails, to which rope an apparatus resembling a sugar tongs admits of the waggons being clipped on or off at pleasure. As the convoy proceeded, by the aid of the lamps the excursionists had the opportunity of viewing the nature and distribution of the strata. Here and there the soil was of such a character that brick arches of considerable length were needed for its support, at other points the coal itself made a solid roof like stone. In some places, all was coal, in others there was only stone to be seen, or stone faintly streaked with the valuable black line. There was hardly any water, and, as was stated in reply to inquiries, very few fossils are found in the mine. A sudden turn in the road was accounted for by a reminiscence very creditable to the engineering of the mine. Some years ago a break or “*fault*” was discovered in the vein of coal, which suddenly disappeared, and, as was afterwards ascertained, leapt up seventy feet. How to reach it again was a problem anything but facile of solution; the managers, however, calculated that by continuing to work upon the level, but turning nearly at right angles to the former gallery, they should meet the vein where it dipped again, and this estimate was justified by the result, though, of course, there was a long intermediate interval of profitless tunnelling. Time did not allow the party to visit any of the actual workings, these being at too great a distance to be reached, but the visitors were shown the engine-house, the furnace, the arrangements for ventilating the mine, which to all appearance were complete, since to stand still for a few moments was to find oneself in a strong draught. Such of the workmen as were encountered looked strong and healthy, but pale. A pony also, one of many in the mine, did its work alertly among the waggons; it, however, unlike the workmen, could never come to the surface. For it daylight had ceased to shine or fresh pasture to spring up; it had reached its full growth in the mine, no doubt, and there it must needs remain. A short but interesting description of the works was given by Mr. Fowler, civil engineer, who guided the party in their subterranean wanderings; and shortly after four o'clock they had all returned to the surface in perfect safety. When jackets had been laid aside and ablutions performed, a walk of less than a quarter of a mile along the edge of some ornamental water brought the visitors to Basford Hall, the seat of Mr. North, the owner of the colliery.

WHAT funny customs we establish. If you ask your friend for a postage stamp he accepts a penny as a matter of course; but if you ask him for a cigar he would regard it as an insult if you tendered threepence or sixpence in payment.

Just Published, price One Shilling, post free, SECRETS OF THE CLOISTER; a True Narrative of the Immorality and Iniquity Practised among the Monks and Nuns, their Licentiousness and Luxury, &c. Maria Monk, terrible revelations, 1s; Mysteries of a Convent, awful scenes, 1s; Six Months in a Convent, stirring disclosures, 1s; Ovid's Art of Love, 1s; Basia; or, The Kisses of “*Secundus*,” 1s; Little's Poems, by Tom Moore, 1s; Philosophy of Kissing, 1s; Bride's Own Book, 6d; on the Use of Nightcaps, by a Married Man, 1s. Every Woman's Book; or, What is Love, 6d; Sexual Evil, by Lola Montez, Philosophy of Marriage, curious and exciting, 2s 6d; Impotence and Sterility, 1s &c. An immense catalogue of sentimental and sensational Books for two stamps. Address, CHARLES BROWN, 44, Wych-street, Strand.

NEW BOOKS, SONGS, TALES, SLIDES.—Very scarce facsimile—Philosophy of Kissing 6d; Little's Poems, 1s; Aristotle, with coloured plates 2s 6d; Don Juan, 2s; Ovid's Art of Love, 1s; the Bride's Own Book, or Chastity to Counsel for the Young, 6d; Fanny Hill, 5s 6d; Moll Flanders, 3s 6d; Kisses of Secundus, 1s; Maria Monk, her Convent Life, 1s; the New Epicurean, 2s; the American Adventurer, 2s; the Adventures of a School Boy, 2s; the Confessions of a Young Lady, 2s; 81 with coloured plates. Cartes de Visite, 12s per dozen; Stereoscopic Slides, from life, 2 guineas per dozen—all post-free on receipt of stamp to the amount. JOSEPH EDMONDS, 49, Wych-street, Strand, W.C.

STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES FROM LIFE.—Carte de Visite—Send 18 stamps for sample. Fanny Hill coloured plates, 5s 6d; Aristotle's Masterpiece, 2s 6d; Don Juan, 1s 6d; Mysteries of Flagellation, 1s; The Wedding Night (coloured plates), 2s 6d; Seduction Unveiled (plates), 2s 6d; Tisot's Onanism Unveiled, or the Private Pleasures and Secret Habits of the Youth of Both Sexes Exposed (plates), 3s 6d; Slides from Life, 2 guineas per dozen, sorted; Delights of the Nuptial Bed (eight rich coloured plates), 25s; The Turk (2 vols twenty coloured plates), 50s.—A Catalogue of scarce books and slides, two stamps. P. LAMBERT, 2, Bookellers'-row, Strand, London.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT, cured of excess of youth and private diseases, will be glad to send the prescription and advice for two stamps, to pay postage, &c. Address, Medicus, 20, Albert-street, Penton-street, Islington, London, N.

TO THE NERVOUS AND UNHAPPY.—DR. JAMES THOMAS, of the Lock Hospital, College of Physicians, has just published the *Aristotle of the day*; or the Guide to Single and Married Life—beautifully illustrated with engravings and secret life pictures. “To gentlemen who are Nervous, who fear to marry, who wish to marry, and whose married lives are unhappy,—on nervousness, seminal weakness, loss of memory, trembling of the hands, wasting of the constitution, which has been weakened from the early errors of youth or manhood, which causes in single life dislike to society, and in marriage disappointments; showing the cause of unfruitful and unhappy unions, and how to ensure fruitful, happy marriages; with thousands of cases cured and restored to masculine vigour, with an impossibility of failure. Post-free for six stamps; or privately sealed, 12 stamps. Address, Dr. THOMAS, 3, Great Castle-street, Regent-street, Cavendish-square, London.

TO LADIES ONLY.—DR. THOMAS, of the Lock Hospital, College of Physicians, is consulted daily, personally or by letter. He has had seventeen years of honourable, unexampled London success. “The Ladies' Private Confidential Adviser,” (193 pages), on nervousness, pregnancy, expulsive, disappointments in marriage, irregularities, sickness, midwifery, obstructions, pimples, loss of personal attractions, deformities, peculiar cases, disappointments and unhappiness in marriage from want of offspring, and how to be cured and restored to health and happiness without failures. Post-free, in a private sealed wrapper, 14 stamps. Address, Dr. THOMAS, 3, Great Castle-street, Regent-street, Cavendish-square, London.

GIVEN AWAY.—“A Few Minutes' Advice on Private Diseases, Youthful Error, with a prescription to cure them in all their stages,” for two stamps, to defray postage, &c. Address, Arthur Jones, Wordsley, Staffordshire.

Just Published, free, six stamps, LITERARY PHOTOGRAPHS; or, SECRET LIFE PICTURES, in a Series of Six Tableaux. Dedicated to Husbands, Bachelors, and Widowers. With Medical Hints to all classes of both sexes. Sent free on receipt of six stamps, by H. James, Esq., Percy House, Bedford-square, London.

BACHELORS' CHARMS.—Just out, a new, fascinating, interesting, and brilliantly-coloured Set of Photographs, in curious positions. Very exciting. Twelve, post-free, securely sealed, 18 stamps; ditto, mounted, 3s. S. S. ANDERSON, 32, Bidborough-street, London, W.C.

ALL ABOUT IT.—See the Set of Twelve Pretty French Girls, all highly coloured, in various interesting positions, post-free, securely sealed, 18 stamps; or twenty-four, all different, for 30 stamps; ditto, mounted, 3s. and 5s. S. S. ANDERSON, 32, Bidborough-street, London, W.C.

CONSULT DR. HAMMOND (of the Lock Hospital, &c.), No. 1, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, W.C., in all ailments which tend to embitter and shorten life, and especially those termed Peculiar and Confidential. At home from 9 till 2, and 6 till 8 (Sundays, 10 till 12). The “Self-Curative Guide,” post-free, two stamps. N.B.—Cases of recent infection cured in two days.

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